

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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☞ The Political articles this week are more numerous, because of their importance.

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SONG.

PART I.

THE sun was shining on the hills,
And gilding the purple heather,
As you and I were strolling, love,
In summer weather.

The birds were singing in the trees,
The lark sung in the sky;
But, oh! I heeded not their songs,
As they winged by.

For sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Was the music of your voice, love,
As you spoke to me.

Blue was the sunny streamlet,
And blue the summer skies;
But bluer, oh, a thousand times,
Were your soft eyes.

Sweet is the breath of wildflowers,
With dewdrops newly wet;
But sweeter was the moment, love,
When our lips met.

Warm is the golden sunlight
On fields that gladly shine;
But warmer was your true heart,
That beat with mine.

PART II.

The year is growing old, love,
The sun has hid its light;
My life is growing dark, too,
And turning into night.

The flowers bloom no longer,
The birds have hushed their song,
And the music of the streamlet
No longer flows along.

But sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Is the music of your voice, love,
As you speak to me.

Come, love, and sit beside me,
And lay your hand in mine;
Look full into my heart, love,
With those true eyes of thine.

Is there aught changed within it —
Has it grown strange or cold;
And is my strong love dying,
Now that the year is old?

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

'ΑΦΑΝΤΟΣ.

A WHITE-WINGED thought came to me in the
night:
Then said I to myself, "I will engrave
This heavenly message on my brain, and save
One gem from the rich mine long lost to sight."

Thereat I shaped a low melodious strain,
And sang it softly, and fitting word to word,
And words to music; so that when I heard
One note I could recall it all again.

And murmuring my song, I fell asleep,
And sleeping, ever murmured lest that I
In a dim fear should waken suddenly,
Find thought and song vanished, and weep.

And in my dreams I seemed afar to hear
One singing in a low sweet under-tone
Words like to those that I had, mine own,
With music through the distance strangely clear.

And so I slumbered far into the dawn,
And waking with a yearning undefined,
Gazed through the clouded vistas of my mind,
And trembling found both thought and music
gone.

— *Spectator.*

H. ST. B.

CLERICAL etiquette in London seems to be somewhat strict. Mr. A. S. Herring, Incumbent of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, in the excitement produced by the suffering in Clerkenwell, appealed to the public through the *Times*, and obtained a large subscription for their relief. Thereupon Mr. Maguire, Incumbent of Clerkenwell, writes to the *Times* that "all the locality affected by the explosion is in my parish," and that Mr. Herring "has plainly exceeded the bounds of both duty and necessity" in trying to aid the poor people. However, as Mr. Herring "regrets having interfered," Mr. Maguire pardons him for his benevolence, which seems a little hard. Does Mr. Maguire, like Sir R. Knightly, regard a parish as a "natural" division of the soil, or does he think charity ought to be always previously tested by the theodolite to see that it is quite genuine? Only fancy St. Paul wiggling St. Peter for impertinence in helping some of his suffering brethren! Mr. Maguire does not indeed say, "I am of Paul, and Herring of Apollos!" but this parcelling of the kingdom of heaven like a dissected map is nearly as bad. Mr. Maguire, we must add, has exerted himself most strenuously for the sufferers.

L. C. — *Spectator.* Dec. 21.

[We omit the first part of Mr. Lowe's discourse; which treats of universal, compulsory, education of the poor. Partly because the state of the question is so different in England, — and partly because of the great mistakes which he makes about common schools in America.]

Dr. Bigelow and others have discussed the question of classical and mathematical teaching to the exclusion of modern languages and sciences, and Mr. Lowe brings the weight of his authority in favor of a change.]

From the Edinburgh edition.

MR. LOWE ON EDUCATION AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

An Address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, Nov. 1, 1867, by the Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE, M. P.

AND NOW I will pass from this to the second part of my subject, which is, as I told you, the education of the middle and upper classes. And first, I will endeavour to explain to you what I conceive to be the business of education. It seems to me, if one can form an abstract idea of what ought to be taught, that it is to teach a person every thing important to know, and, at the same time, to discipline his mind. But as the period during which education can be communicated is very short, we must qualify that view, I think, by saying that the business of education is to teach persons as much of that which it is important they should know as can be taught within a limited time, and with reference to the ordinary faculties of mankind, and that also in so doing care should be taken to discipline the mind of the pupil as far as possible. That is what I conceive to be the object of education. Well, that being so, you see a question arises of very great difficulty — What is it most important that persons should know? — and till we can answer that question, we cannot satisfactorily solve the question which I am now proposing to consider — What is the education that ought to be given to the middle and upper classes of this country? We must invent for ourselves a sort of new science — a science of weights and measures; of ponderation, if I may coin a word — in which we shall put into the scales all the different objects of human knowledge, and decide upon their relative importance. All knowledge is valuable, and there is nothing that it is not worth while to know; but it is a question of relative importance — not of decriing this branch of knowledge, and praising and puffing that — but of taking as far as possible the whole scale of human knowledge, and deciding what should have priority, which should be taught first, and to which

our attention should be most urgently directed. That is a problem, you will allow, of most enormous difficulty. I can only suggest one or two considerations which may assist us in solving it. I think it will be admitted by all who hear me that as we live in a universe of things, and not of words, the knowledge of things is more important to us than the knowledge of words. The first few months and the first few years of a child's existence are employed in learning both, but a great deal more in making itself acquainted with the world than with the knowledge of language. What is the order of Nature? Nature begins with the knowledge of things — then with their names. It is more important to know what a thing is, than what it is called. To take an easy illustration, it is more important to know where the liver is situated, and what are the principles which effect its healthy action, than to know that it is called *jecur* in Latin or *ήπαρ* in Greek. I go a little farther. Where there is a question between true and false, it is more important to know what is true than what is false. It is more important to know the history of England than the mythologies of Greece and Rome. I think it more important that we should know those transactions out of which the present state of our political and social relations have arisen, than that we should know all the lives and loves of all the gods and goddesses that are contained in Lempriere's dictionary. And yet, according to my experience — I hope things are better managed now — we used to learn a great deal more about the Pagan than the Christian religion in the schools. The one was put by to Sunday, and dismissed in a very short time; the other was every day's work, and the manner in which it was followed out was by no means agreeable. The slightest slip in the name or history of any of the innumerable children of the genealogy of Jupiter or Mars was followed by a form and degree of punishment which I never remember being bestowed upon any one for any slip in divinity. Then, gentlemen, I venture to think, as we cannot teach people every thing, it is more important that we should teach them practical things than speculative things. There must be speculation, and there must be practice, but I think if we cannot do both, we should rather lean to the practical side. For instance, I think it more important that a man should be able to work out a sum in arithmetic, than that he should be acquainted with all the abstract principles of Aristotle's logic, and that the moods of a syllogism are not so im-

portant as the rule of three, practice, and keeping accounts. If we must choose in the matter, we should lean to the practical side. One more rule I will venture to submit — they are four in all — if we must choose in these matters, the present is more important to us than the past. Institutions, communities, kingdoms, countries, with which we are daily brought into contact, are more important than institutions, kingdoms, and countries that have ceased to exist for upwards of 2,000 years. I will pursue this topic no farther.

Having made these general observations as my little contribution towards the new science of ponderation or measurement which I am anxious to found, to enable us to compare one branch of knowledge with another, I will proceed, with your permission, to inquire how far the education of the middle and upper classes corresponds with this idea. Without going into detail, I may say the principal subjects of education — I don't say in Scotch Universities, for you are more liberal than we are in England, though even in your universities not quite sufficiently so — in Oxford and Cambridge are analytical mathematics, and what are called the learned languages — viz. Latin and Greek.

Now I admit that mathematics are a most admirable study, and are calculated to train the mind to strict habits of reasoning, and habits of close and sustained attention. But these are the synthetical, not the analytical mathematics. Consider to what this form of study trains a man. It educates him to approach a subject analytically. He takes his conclusion for granted, and then investigates the conditions upon which it rests. Well, that is not a good way of reasoning. The best way of reasoning is to fix upon principles and facts and see what conclusion they give you, and not to begin with a conclusion and see what principles or facts you may be able to pick up in order to support it. Then any one who has gone through this training, knows that you go by steps. One understands step by step, but the whole very often eludes our grasp, and we find ourselves landed in a conclusion without knowing how. We see each step we have taken, but we see not how we arrived at the conclusion. This is a system in one sense too easy, because each step is easy; and in the other it is too difficult, because it is an immense strain on the mind to grasp the whole effect of what is done. Then you are aware of this also, that perhaps the most useful lesson a man can learn is the estimation of probabilities and sifting

of evidence. But this is wholly excluded from mathematics, which deal purely with necessary truth. Therefore, it has often been observed, and by no one more forcibly than your own Sir William Hamilton, that a mind formed upon this kind of study is apt to oscillate between the extreme of credulity and scepticism, and is little trained to take those sensible and practical views of the probabilities and the possibilities affecting our daily life, upon which, far more than upon abstract reasoning, the happiness of mankind depends. I may here mention in illustration what was said by a great judge of men and ability — Napoleon Buonaparte. He took for one of his ministers La Place — one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest of mathematicians, and he said of him — “He was a geometer of the first rank; but whose only idea of transacting the business of his department was with reference to the differential and integral calculus.”

Now, I pass on to the other study that is the principal occupation of our youth, and that is the study of the Latin and Greek languages, and the history, science, geography, and mythology connected with them — the principal study being language, and the rest only accessories to it. Now, it strikes me, in the first instance, it is rather a narrow view of education that it should be devoted mainly — I had almost said exclusively — to the acquisition of any language whatever. Language is the vehicle of thought, and when thought and knowledge are present, it is desirable as a means of conveying it. It is not a thing to be substituted for it — it is not its equivalent. It presupposes knowledge of things, and is only useful where that knowledge is attained for the purpose, namely, of communicating it. I will venture to read a few lines from Pope in illustration of what I say; I should only weaken the thought if I attempted to state the effect of them. They are 140 or 150 years old, and that only shows you how abuses and mistakes may be pointed out in the most vigorous language, and with the most conclusive reasoning, and yet they may remain utterly uncareed for: —

“Since man from beasts by words is known,
Words are man's province; words we teach alone,
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

Placed at the door of learning youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide,

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We play the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death."

I think it is a poor and imperfect conception of education that should limit it to the learning of any languages whatever; but surely if we are to make language the whole or a part of education, it should be the language which we are most concerned with; and I must be permitted to say that in my science of ponderation I think English has a prior claim over Latin and Greek. I do not disparage Latin or Greek; but I am speaking of what is most important to be taken first; and I think it is melancholy to consider the ignorance of our own language in which the best educated of our young men are brought up. Latin is, of course, of great use. It is the only means of opening up a great store of information which is locked up in it, and which is not to be found elsewhere. It has a noble literature of its own, and it is the key to most of the modern languages, and therefore it is a study of very great importance. But we must remember that those persons who spoke a language which was the most marked by felicity of expression, and which is the model of all literature — the inhabitants of Greece, I mean — knew no language but their own. The Romans knew just enough Greek to make them neglect their Latin, and the consequence is their literature is inferior to that of the race that came before them who knew one language. And only see how you set about learning these languages. Learning the language is a joke compared with learning the grammar. The grammar is one thing, and the language another. I agree with the German wit, Heine, who said — "How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn the Latin grammar, because if they had done so they never would have had time to conquer the world." Montaigne, 300 years ago, saw this, and pointed it out most forcibly, and by learning the language colloquially, "without a lash, without a tear," he became able to speak it by being talked to in Latin. But that would not answer the purpose. Because it is said "you must discipline the mind," therefore a boy is put through torture of elaborate grammars, which he is forced to learn by heart, and every syllable of which he forgets before he is twenty years of age. There seems something like a worship of inutility in this matter; it seems to be con-

sidered very fine to learn something that cannot by possibility do anybody any thing of good —

"The languages, especially the dead —
The sciences, especially the abstruse —
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use."

It is an idea that a thing cannot be good discipline for the mind unless it be something that is utterly useless in future life. Now, I do not think so. There is no doubt that Greek is a language of wonderful felicity of expression; but what is more beautiful, more refined, what will exercise taste better than the study of the best modern French prose to be found in M. Prevost Paradol, Sainte Beuve, and other French writers? There is nothing that can approach it in the English language. If a man wishes to exercise himself in these things he cannot possibly have a better subject than French prose. The discipline of the mind is quite as good, and it has this advantage, that when he goes to Paris he will be able to go to a hotel and make known his wants without becoming a laughing-stock to everybody; but this would be too useful, and therefore this must be put aside for some discipline in the Greek language, which he is sure to forget before he is thirty. It depends upon what you mean to make men. If you want to make them a race of sophists, poetasters, and schoolmasters, we are going about it in the right way; but for the business of life we have a little too much Latin and Greek, and if we are to have them taught, they ought to be taught on a very different system. There is nothing more absurd than to attempt to untie knots that have never been tied. If language had been made on a set of general principles — if it had been laid down by the wise men of all nations that the nominative should always agree with the verb, and a verb should always govern the accusative — and language had been made like Euclid — every one of these rules which had been tied we could untie, and a language having been put together in that way we could analyse it into rules. But, gentlemen, language was not so made. Language grew we know not how — like a tree or a plant; it was not made under general rules, and therefore, when you are trying to form general rules for it, you are sowing the sand — you will never attain to what you want; and the result is that when you come to reflect, you will find that you have wasted much time, and the best years of your life have been made miserable by

studying rules, whose exceptions are often as numerous as their illustrations, and of which you never know whether they apply or not.

Well, then, gentlemen, there is another thing I enter my protest against, and that is Latin verses. I do not think the history of poets is so prosperous that the end and object of mankind should be to make as many young people as possible poetasters. One of the least profitable of the little talents that a man can have is that of scribbling verses, and yet years of our lives are taken up in the attempt to teach us to write Latin verses, which, after all, are a mere cento of expressions stolen from different authors, the meaning of which we may not ourselves know. I know that I have been highly commended for verses I could not construe myself. This of course gives a most unfair predominance to boys who have been early taught how to use a *gradus*. The knack is so absurd and repulsive that no one ever acquired it late in life. It must be taught early if at all. I have known men of high classical attainments who have not got honours because they have not had the knack of stringing words together, called doing Latin verses. There is a movement going on against the system, and I hope we shall get rid of it. Another absurd thing is this—I think that a man knows a language when he can read with fluency and ease a good plain straightforward author who writes grammatically and sensibly. This may very soon be done in Latin and Greek; but that is not half enough. There is no torture in that—that is very simple. But what you must do is to take a place that is hopelessly corrupt, where the amanuensis has gone to sleep, or has been tipsy, or has dropped a line, or something or other; you must read two or three pages of notes by everybody who has read at these places, written in bad Latin, stating their idea of how they ought to be reformed and translated. If *Æschylus* came to life again he would be easily plucked in one of his own choruses; and as for *Homer*, I am quite certain he did not know the difference between the nominative and accusative case; and yet the best hours of our lives are spent in this profitless analysis of works produced by men utterly unconscious of the rules we are endeavouring to draw from them.

Well, gentlemen, I have nothing more to say on that point; but I proceed to another thing which has always struck me very forcibly, and that is the preference that is given to ancient history. Do not misun-

derstand me. Ancient history is a very important matter, and a very beautiful study; but it is not so important as modern history, and it does not bear nearly so much upon our transactions. Consider what it is. Ancient history has but two phases—the one is a monarchy, the other is a municipality. The notion of a large community existing by virtue of the principle of representation—of a popular government extended beyond the limits of a single town—is a thing that never entered into the minds of the ancients, so that the best years of our lives are spent in studying history in which that which makes the difference between modern history and ancient—the leading characteristic of our society—that principle of representation which has made it possible in some degree to reconcile the existence of a large country with the existence of a certain amount of freedom—was utterly unknown. The Roman Empire was established, from the necessity of the case, because when Rome became too large to be a municipality, the ancients knew of no other means than to place a *Cæsar*—a tyrant—over the whole of it, and the idea of sending, as we should do, representatives of the different provinces to meet in Rome, and consult upon the general welfare of the Empire, never occurred to them. That was not known at that time. That was a discovery of many hundred years later. And yet to study all this history, which wants the one thing that is the leading characteristic of modern history, the best time of our life is devoted. I do not say that the time is thrown away, but it is melancholy to reflect that this history is taught, not as an adjunct but as a substitute for modern history. If a man has a knowledge of modern and mediæval history, it is important that he should have this knowledge of ancient history with which he has to compare it; but if he has no modern history he has not the means of comparison. It is useless then by itself. That state of things has utterly passed away. It perished, never to return, with the fall of the Roman Empire, and on its ruins sprung up a new state of things—the feudal system and the polity of the Middle Ages, which ripened into the present state of things. Of all that our youth are taught nothing—they know nothing of it. The subject is never brought before them, and their study is limited and confined to the wars and intrigues of petty republics, the whole mass of which would hardly, perhaps, amount to as many people as are in this great city. There is a well-

known passage in a letter by Servius Sulpicius, one of Cicero's friends, in which he endeavours to console him for the death of his daughter Tullia. This is a translation of it:—"Behind me lay Ægina, before me Megæra, on my right Piræus, on my left Corinth; these cities, once so flourishing, now lie prostrate and demolished before my eyes. I thought, 'Are we little mortals afflicted when one of us perishes, whose life must at any rate be brief, when in one place lie the corpses of so many towns?'" Well, that is one way of looking at the question. I have been in the same place, and also had my thoughts, and I thought how many irretrievable years of my life have I spent in reading and learning the wars, and the intrigues, and the revolutions of these little towns, the whole of which may be taken in at a single glance from the Acropolis of Athens, and would not make a decently-sized English county. I think that reflection must force itself on the mind of any one who has gone to Greece, and has seen the wonderfully small scale on which these republics are laid out, to which the earlier years of his life were almost exclusively devoted.

Then, gentlemen, there is another great fault in this exclusive direction of the mind of youth to antiquity, and that is, that their conception of knowledge wants entirely that which is our leading conception in the present day. I do not think that you will find anywhere in the study of antiquity that which is now in everybody's mouth—the idea of progress. The notion of the ancients was that knowledge was a sort of permanent fixed quantity—that it could not be increased—that it was to be sought for; and if a man wanted to seek for knowledge he did not sit down and interrogate Nature, and study her phenomena, and also analyse and inquire, but he put on his seven-leagued boots and travelled to Egypt or Persia, or as far as he possibly could, in the expectation of finding some wise man there who could tell him all about it. That was the case with Plato, and almost all the great men of antiquity. Now it is no small fault of the modern system of education that it withholds that conception, the key of modern society—that is, not to look at things as stationary, but to look at the human race as, like a glacier, always advancing, always going on from good to better, from better to worse, as the case may be—an endless change and development that never ceases, although we may not be able to mark it every day. That conception is entirely

wanting in the antique world; and therefore it is not too much to ask that that idea should be imparted to youth before we give so much time to study the state of society in which it is wholly wanting. I won't detain you with any discussion in this place on the morals and metaphysics of the ancients. I suspect that they knew as much of the mental sciences as we do now—neither much more nor much less; and, without speaking disrespectfully of them, we may say this, that no two of them had the same opinion on the same subject. Then we are dosed with the antiquities of the ancients. Every man is expected to know how many Archons there were at Athens, though he does not know how many Lords of the Treasury there are in London; he must know all the forms of their courts, though he knows hardly the names of our own. He must be dosed with their laws and institutions—things excessively repulsive to the young mind—things only valuable for comparing with our own institutions, of which he is kept profoundly ignorant.

Then another thing, not a little irritating, is Ancient Geography. A large portion of time is spent in studying divisions of countries that have long ceased to exist, or have any practical bearing on the world. Of course, if you are to study the language of the ancients, these things must be learned; but is it not melancholy to think how much modern geography is sacrificed to this knowledge? There is nothing in which young men are more deficient than in geography. I shall just mention a few things within my own knowledge. Take, for instance, Australia. It is very rare to find a person who knows where the colonies of Australia are. The island of Java is said to have been given up by Lord Castlereagh at the treaty of Vienna to the Dutch because he could not find it on the map, and was ashamed to confess his ignorance. I remember a very eminent member of the House of Commons indeed—I will not mention his name—who made a speech in which it was quite manifest to me that he thought that Upper Canada was nearest the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and Lower Canada was higher up the river. If I were to tell you his name you would be astonished. Well, we are going to make an expedition to Abyssinia. The whole thing depends upon the nature of the country. Now, what do we know about it? There is a great deal to be known about it. A great many men have travelled there, and a great deal has been written about it. It is as much as most men can do to find it on the

map, and very few know a single town in it. I have amused myself trying to see how few men know where Gondar, the capital of this country, is situated on the map; and as the prisoners we are going to attempt to rescue can probably only be reached by going there, and so to Magdala, it is nearly as important to know where it is as to know that Halicarnassus was the capital city of Caria, or that there were twenty-three cities of the Volscians in the Campagna of Rome. There is another illustration I may give. The name of the place is in the Bible, and we might have hoped better things. You will remember that Mr Bright in last session of Parliament denominated certain gentlemen by a name derived from a cave. Well, I assure you, gentlemen, there was not one person in twenty whom I met who knew anything about the Cave of Adullam, and I was under the melancholy and cruel necessity of explaining it to them, and of pointing the arrow that was aimed against my own breast. After all, gentlemen, education is a preparation for actual life, and I ask you — though no doubt the memory is exercised and the faculties are sharpened by these studies in some degree — whether they really in any degree fulfill that condition. I say there is nothing so valuable for a man as to avoid credulity. If he discounts a man's bill, he should inquire before he does it. But what we are taught by this kind of study, our attention being so much placed upon words, is to take everything for granted. We find a statement in Thucydides, or Cornelius Nepos, who wrote 500 years afterwards, and we never are instructed that the statement of the latter is not quite as good as the former. And so with other things. The study of the dead languages precludes the inquiring habit of mind which measures probability, which is one of the most important that a man can acquire.

I will now give you a catalogue of things which a highly-educated man — one who may have received the best education at the highest public schools, or at Oxford — may be in total ignorance of. He probably will know nothing of the anatomy of his own body. He will have not the slightest idea of the difference between the arteries and the veins, and he may not know whether the spleen is placed on the right or the left side of his spine. He may have no knowledge of the simplest truths of physics, and would not be able to explain the barometer or thermometer. He knows nothing of the simplest laws of animal or vegetable life. He need not know, he very often does not know, anything about arithmetic, and that

ignorance sticks to him through life; he knows nothing of accounts, he does not know the meaning of double entry, or even a common debtor and creditor account. He may write an execrable hand; good clear writing — perhaps the most important qualification a gentleman or man of business can possess — is totally neglected. He may be perfectly deficient in spelling. I knew an eminent person who got a first-class honour, and in his essay — a most excellent English essay — there were forty-six mis-spellings. He may know nothing of the modern geography of his own country; he may know nothing of the history of England. I knew an instance not long ago of a gentleman who had attained high honors at the University, and who became a contributor to a periodical, in which it was suggested he should illustrate some fact by reference to Lord Melbourne's Ministry. He said he had never heard of Lord Melbourne. He need know nothing whatever of modern history — how the present polity of Europe came into effect. He need know nothing of mediæval history, and that is a matter of serious importance, because important results have flowed from ignorance of that history. Great schisms have arisen in the Church of England from absurdly-exaggerated ideas of the perfection of everything in that dreadful period; and the state of gross ignorance in which people are left as to these times seems almost to lead them to suppose that the best thing that modern society could aim at would be to return to the state of things which existed when the first crusade was projected. He may be in a state of utter ignorance of the antiquities or the law of England; he knows the laws and antiquities of Greece and Rome. The English laws and antiquities are bound up with our freedom and history, and are important to every day's business; but he knows about them nothing whatever. We have, I here say boldly, a literature unparalleled in the world. Which of our great classical authors is a young man required to read in order to attain the highest honours our educational institutions can give him? He studies in the most minute manner the ancient writings of Rome or Greece. But as for Chaucer and Spenser, or the earlier classics, the old dramatists, or the writers of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I., he knows nothing of them; and the consequence is that our style is impoverished, and the noble old language of our forefathers drops out of use, while the minds of our young men are employed instead in stringing together

scraps of Latin poets learned by heart, and making them into execrable hexameters. Then as for modern languages. There is some feeble sort of attempt to teach them, but nothing effective; and yet surely, if English is to have a preference over modern languages, as it ought to have, modern languages ought to have a preference, as far as the practical affairs of life are concerned, over ancient languages. I have been with a party of half-a-dozen first-class Oxford gentlemen on the Continent, and not one spoke a word of French or German; and if the waiter had not been better educated than we, and known some other language than his own, we might all have starved. That is not nearly all, but that is enough. I think you will agree with me that, as Dr. Johnson said of the provisions in the Highland inn, the negative catalogue is very copious, and I therefore sum up what I have to say on this point by making this remark, that our education does not communicate to us knowledge, that it does not communicate to us the means of obtaining knowledge, and that it does not communicate to us the means of communicating knowledge.

These three capital deficiencies are undoubted; and what makes these so painful is the thought of the enormous quantities of things eminently worth knowing in this world. I have spoken only of modern history, of modern languages; but what are modern history and languages compared with the boundless field that nature opens out — with the new world which chemistry is expanding before us — with the old world that geology has called again into existence — with the wonderful generalization with regard to plants and animals, and all those noble studies and speculations which are the glory and distinction and life-blood of the time in which we live, and of which our youth remain, almost without exception, totally ignorant? It is not too much to say, that the man who becomes really well educated must begin his education after it has closed. After all had been done for him that the present miserable, contracted, and poor system can do, he has to begin and educate himself over again, with a feeling that he has wasted the best and most precious years of his life on things neither useless nor unprofitable in themselves, but which were the mere bypaths or appanages to the knowledge which constitutes the mental stock of a man of erudition. How are we to account for this phenomenon — how, with physical science in the state that it is, with such a history as ours, with such

a literature as ours, with such a literature as that of modern Europe before us, we should turn aside from this rich banquet, and content ourselves with gnawing at mouldy crusts of speculations which have passed away upwards of two thousand years? How are we to account for this? It is easily accounted for. It is mainly the fault of educational endowments. When the educational endowments of Universities were made, there really existed no English literature. Modern history had not begun; mediæval history was only to be found in meagre annals of monkish chroniclers. Physical science was not in existence at all; and there really was nothing to direct the mind except Latin and Greek, and Aristotelian logic. No blame, therefore, attaches to these noble and philanthropic persons who made these foundations. The blame is in those who, after the immense expansion of knowledge, have not found means to expand the objects to which these endowments may apply in a similar proportion. Nor does any blame attach to our Universities, considered strictly as such — meaning by a University a body that ought to examine and test the advancement of its pupils; because our Universities do give examinations, and are willing, I am sure, to give them on any subject on which pupils can be found. But the blame lies with the Government of this country, because these endowments which are now exclusively given to Latin, Greek, and mathematics, are really, in my opinion, public property, for the use of which the State, as representing the public, is responsible. So long as they answer the end that endowments should answer, they should be let alone. When they do not, it is our business to reform them. Now what end do they answer? The end that they answer is this — they give an enormous bounty, an enormous premium, on the study of the dead languages, and of pure mathematics. Well, the studies of the dead languages, and of pure mathematics, are noble and valuable studies, and if that was all I would not object. But you know very well you cannot give a premium to one study without discouraging another, and though their first effect is to give a premium to these studies, their collateral and far more important effect is to discourage, and, I would say, prevent, all those other studies which appear to me infinitely more worthy of a place in education. If a young man has talent, and is in want of money, as any young man is apt to be, and wants to turn his talent to advantage, suppose he devotes

himself to physical science in Oxford, he can gain a first-class, whatever good that will do him. But there is hardly an endowment open to him; whereas, if he gave the same trouble to Latin and Greek, he might be a Fellow of half-a-dozen different colleges with the most perfect ease. How can you expect these studies to get fair-play, when they are so handicapped, when the whole weight of these endowments, amounting to about half-a-million annually, is thrown into the scale of the dead languages, and the study of pure mathematics? The fault lies, therefore with the Government, which has not reformed these endowments; and the remedy, as it appears to me, is that these endowments should be emancipated from this narrow application, so that the emoluments that are to be obtained for learning, may be impartially distributed among all the branches of human knowledge — not proscribing the subjects to which I have alluded, but not giving them these invidious preferences over all the rest. The same thing applies to our public schools. They are really adventure schools, kept by masters for their own profit. There is a foundation which forms the nucleus, and that foundation is generally for the purpose of teaching Latin and Greek, and that overrules and dominates the schools. The remedy is in the hands of parents; but these schools have got a goodwill such as no other institution in the country has got. A man that has been at a school, however badly taught he has been, however much he has been flogged, always goes away with an affection for it. He forgets his troubles. It is a time that appears to us all very pleasant in the retrospect; and as these troubles are to be undergone not again by himself, but by his son, he always sends him there. No doubt, if we could only secure a fair stage and no favour for all the different branches of instruction, the thing would remedy itself. Do not misunderstand me. I do not think it is any part of the duty of Government to prescribe what people should learn, except in the case of the poor, where time is so limited that we must fix upon a few elementary subjects to get anything done at all. I think it is the duty of the parents to fix what their children should learn. But then the State should stand impartial, and not by endowments necessarily force education into these channels, and leave those others dry. And, therefore, what I would press is, that somehow or other the endowments should be so recast as to give all subjects — physical science, modern history, English

history, English law, ancient languages, ancient literature, ancient history, ancient philosophy all a fair and equal start. You will say, How is it possible for this to be done? I don't presume to say what is the best way of doing it, but I can tell you one way it can be done, because I have done it myself. I was Secretary to the India Board at the time when the writerships were thrown open to public competition. We had of course the problem to solve then, because if we had restricted them to Latin and Greek, of course we should have excluded a great number of very meritorious candidates — gentlemen, for instance, coming from the Scotch Universities, who, though very well versed in the philosophy of mind, and many other valuable studies, would not have been able to compete perhaps successfully in classics with boys trained in the English public schools. And therefore we had to attempt to do something of the kind that I have endeavoured to point out to you as being necessary to do. In order to solve the problem of education, I, with the assistance of Lord Macaulay and other eminent men, prepared a scale which has since, with very little change, been the scale upon which these offices have been distributed; that is, we took everything that we could think of that a well-educated man could learn. We took all the languages: we took Latin and Greek, we took French and English, and all the modern languages of Europe; we took the principal branches of physical science, we took history, English Literature, philosophy of mind as taught in Scotland, and at Oxford, and at other places; we took everything, and we gave marks to each according to their relative importance, as near as we could arrive to it; and under that system all persons have been admitted equally and fairly to the benefits of those offices, whatever their line of study may have been. Instead of loading the dice in favour of the dead languages, we gave them all a fair start, and the thing, so far as I know, has worked perfectly smoothly and with perfect success. Now, I say something of that kind should be done if we are to reform endowments so as to place all studies on a level, and then let the best study win. I won't pretend to influence the decision of parents, but I should give to them no bribe, no inducement, to choose one study more than another, but allow them to take whatever they like best. And I think you would find that the public appetite for Latin verses, the difficult parts of Greek choruses, and the abstruser rules of gram-

mar, such as are given in the Latin Primer recently issued for the use of public schools, would begin to abate; and the people would think it is better to know something of the world around them, something about the history of their own country, something about their own bodies and their own souls, than it is to devote themselves entirely to the study of the literature of the republics of Greece and Rome.

Well, gentlemen, I am afraid I have detained you at very great length, and you will be happy to hear that I have come to an end to what I propose to say to you. There is one more proposal that I wish to make. I have said I am most anxious to educate the lower classes of this country, in order to qualify them for the power that has passed, and perhaps will pass in a still greater degree, into their hands. I am also anxious to educate, in a manner very different from the present, the higher classes of this country, and also for a political reason. The time has gone past evidently when the higher classes can hope by any indirect influence, either of property or coercion of any kind, to direct the course of public affairs. Power has passed out of their hands, and what they do must be done by the influence of superior education and superior cultivation; by the influence of mind over mind — “the sign and signet of the Almighty to command,” which never fails being recognised wherever it is truly tested. Well, then, gentlemen, how is this likely to be done? Is it by confining the attention of the sons of the wealthier classes of the country to the history of these old languages and those Pagan republics, of which working men never heard, with which they are never brought in contact in any of their affairs, and of which, from the necessity of the case, they know nothing? Is it not better that gentlemen should know the things which the working men know, only know them infinitely better in their principles and in their details, so that they may be able, in their intercourse and their commerce with them, to assert the superiority over them which greater intelligence and leisure is sure to give, and to conquer back by means of a wider and more enlightened cultivation some of the influence which they have lost by political change? I confess, for myself, that, whenever I talk with an intelligent workman, so far from being able to assert any such superiority, I am always tormented with the conception, “what a fool the man must think me when he finds me, upon whose education thousands of pounds have been spent, utterly ignorant of the matters which experience teaches him,

and which he naturally thinks every educated man ought to know.” I think this ought easily to be managed. The lower classes ought to be educated to discharge the duties cast upon them. They should also be educated that they may appreciate and defer to a higher cultivation when they meet it; and the higher classes ought to be educated in a very different manner, in order that they may exhibit to the lower classes that higher education to which, if it were shown to them, they would bow down and defer.

From The Examiner.

In the truth of many of the tenets propounded by Mr. Lowe at Edinburgh regarding education we perfectly believe. Belief is the realization of things hoped for — the anticipation of things unseen. Practically we have no means of judging, as we judge by evidence of matters of fact, how a nation would fare whose youth had generally cheap and easy access to the various branches of useful knowledge. Hitherto the first twenty years of genteel and opulent life in England have been devoted mainly to the acquisition (for the most part very superficial and imperfect) of what may be termed, by comparison, useless knowledge, — to wit, Greek mythology, Latin prosody, hexameter-spinning, and getting by heart the trochaics of Horace, or the dithyrambics of Æschylus. Ungenteel schools, for the sons of business men, are still, for the most part, occupied with the teaching of bad Latin, Lancashire or Middlesex French, round hand, fractions, and no popery. This, and the results of it, are all we have actually before us. We cannot, therefore, venture to say that we know a system like that forthshadowed by the ex-Minister of Education would very soon give us a greater command over our mental and material resources as a people; but that it would do so we believe as profoundly as we do in the brutalizing tendency of hanging, flogging, blood-money, and all the other remnants of barbarism and misrule that linger amongst us. The study of nature, of her laws, as modern science has revealed them unto us, and of her ways, her looks, and her caprices, as modern discovery has presented them to us, is as much beyond the study of the dead languages and the obsolete sciences as acquaintance with modern gunnery is superior to skill in archery, or the use of lance and shield.

It is natural enough that Mr. Lowe should

plead as the excuse for his sudden outbreak in favour of modern knowledge as opposed to the antiquated system of Eton and Oxford, that as we have resolved to modernize our politics, we should simultaneously modernize our national habits of school and college thought. So long as statecraft could be maintained as an art and mystery capable of being practised only by the few, it signified comparatively little how much of fantastic paganism or classic grammar they wasted their boyhood in learning; and how little of either, or of anything else, was acquired by the youth of the wealth-producing classes. According to Mr. Lowe, the oligarchic method of rule worked admirably for its purpose; and we are bound, therefore, to presume that the old-fashioned method of educating the rich, of not educating the poor at all, and of educating the middle classes badly, was fitting and appropriate to bygone times. We cannot say that we agree in any portion of this view of things; but we care not to enter upon the discussion here. We are too glad to hail Mr. Lowe as a champion of wise and beneficent doctrines on the subject of education, to inquire critically how he has come to be so. If this latest of social apostles has, on his way to Damascus, been suddenly blinded by the light of conviction, we doubt not that he will quickly recover his power of discriminative vision, and that he will make up, by-and-by, for all the threats and vows he once breathed forth so vehemently against the worth and power of the people, by labouring more abundantly than all others for their enlightenment and well-being. As far as we understand his views with respect to the opening of Universities, and the reform of Middle Class teaching, we greet him heartily, and with honour.

From Punch.

"EDUCATE! EDUCATE!"

THERE are carnivorous creatures, according to CUVIER; there are creatures graminivorous, according to OWEN; but besides, there is a pecunivorous creature, according to PUNCHEUS, called Man, and one outrageous species of the genus—the glutton, as it were, of its kind—called Special Commissioner-man. The barristers-at-law and officers at war who have lately been "amongst the masses," having once tasted—guineas a day and travelling allowances (the exact honorarium is left blank, for fear of too great a crowd of applicants, and a riot in front of the office), thirsted for more gold, and appointed a

deputation, introduced by a Prince of the Blood and Members of both Houses, "to wait on" Mr. Punch, the Secretary for the World Department, and urge on him the propriety of finding other employment for their "idle hands to do." He had found it already, but thought it more Statesmanlike and Downing-streetish to appear to be convinced by their arguments. He commissioned them to undertake an inquiry amongst those classes who are not dependent on weekly wages for support, and whose incomes range from £100 to £100,000 a-year, to investigate the truth of certain allegations that have lately been made touching their mental destitution, and to ascertain whether they are without the common necessities of education. Mr. Punch added no other directions, but gave each of the S. C. a copy of Mr. Lowe's Edinburgh address, as the best manual they could have, his benediction, and—some money on account; and then dismissed them to their different posts, and Railway Stations, with a request that their reports might be sent in before the juvenile members of his family began their elder-wine at Christmas-tide.

From an immense mass of matter (favoured by MESSRS. PICKFORD), enough to fill a great many of those books which may be blue, but are never read, Mr. Punch has selected the following startling revelations, which, or he is greatly mistaken, will determine the Ministers of the Crown to introduce a scheme for a general and compulsory education rate in February next:—

CECIL AUGUSTUS HAMBLETON. Age 40.—Employment under Government. Had a Grammar School and University education. At the former, the principal works studied in a living (English) language, were ADAM'S *Roman Antiquities*, BUTLER'S *Ancient Geography*, LEMPRIERE and JOYCE'S *Scientific Dialogues*. From these delightful authors he retains, even in middle life, a knowledge of the material used in the construction of curule chairs, and the nature of the liectors' fasces; an acquaintance with the geographical position of Epirus and the Symplegades; a few facts in the somewhat careless life of Jupiter Amoroso; and a glimmering of the uses of the blowpipe—all of which learning is of the greatest use to him in the daily routine of office work. Has forgotten all his Greek, as he found, to his dismay, when ISABEL MARKHAM asked him to translate a motto from that language prefixed to the Royal Academy Catalogue; and the last time he tried an Ode in *Hor-*

ace (the "*Donec gratus eram tibi*") felt that his rendering would not have been satisfactory in "the Schools." Once knew the succession of the Roman Kings: never knew the succession of Royal Houses in English History. His attention having been lately drawn to the fact, knows that Abyssinia is in Africa, but declines to go into particulars as to the position on the map of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb—not being, he hopes, a latitudinarian—the Gulf of Carpentaria (probably colonised by those of the Pilgrim Fathers who were dissatisfied joiners), and our three Indian Presidencies. Has to keep his mind very steady not to confuse the Alps with the Appenines, or the Pyrenes with the Carpathians, never having been abroad, never having smoked a cigar in his life, except on one occasion, when he had to go to bed prematurely, and being altogether unversed in athletic exercises. Fortunately for him, there were no examinations when he entered the Dotation Department.

[MR. LITTLETON GLANVILLE, the S. C. for the Metropolis, has been warned that the closing part of MR. HAMBLETON'S statement contains matter wholly irrelevant.]

CROPWELL BUTLER BISHOP. Age 19. — Educated at an expensive private school. Got a nomination for the Perambulator Carriages Registration Office. Crammed for the examination, nothing that he had learnt at old CANEHAM'S being of the slightest use to him. Failed to satisfy the Civil Service Examiners. Their views and his differed materially as to the proper spelling of "vittles," "received," "embarement," and "affectionate," the relationship of HENRY THE EIGHTH to QUEEN ELIZABETH, who he discovered, when too late, was not that King's grandmother, and the authorship of the poem of the *Traveller*, which he erroneously ascribed to MUNGO PARK. Believes that his handwriting was also objected to, and knows he omitted all punctuation, but cannot stop, to give more details as he is off to Buenos Ayres, not being able to get any employment in England.

EVELYN ALLINGHAM ETHEREDGE. Age 27. — In a Cavalry Regiment. Was at King Henry's, where he learnt to play at cricket and run through a heap of money. Could construe *Ovid*—with a crib, and make verses, but they were—nonsense. Cannot say in what reign the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH lived, and forgets who fought the battle of Edge Hill, but knows a place of that name near Liverpool—some awfully jolly girls there: met them at a croquet party,

and danced with them afterwards till all was blue. Is not certain whether the sun moves round the earth, or the earth round the sun. Unable to distinguish between Jacobites and Jacobins, but is fully aware that the latter are fancy pigeons. Was one of the first to part his hair down the middle, and wear a half crown hat. Cannot cast up his tradesmen's bills, and "Will have much pleasure in accepting MRS. DALRYMPLE HAVERSHAM'S invitation for the 23rd."

MABEL MEREDITH ASHTON. Age 20. — At Miss ROLLINSON'S, The Laurels, Superior Norwood, for several years. Terms 100 guineas, with all sorts of extras and extravagances. Learnt the piano and harp, but never practises now on either instrument, not having the slightest taste for music. Has forgotten her German, and, when she went to the Paris Exhibition, found some difficulty in making herself understood in the shops. Never read SCOTT'S novels, SHAKSPEARE'S plays (except bits out of *Romeo and Juliet*), or MACAULAY'S History, and seldom looks at a newspaper. Has just finished *Forgotten Crimes*, and is anxiously waiting for the first volume of *The Bigamist Banker*. Is not sure who is Prime Minister, and is indifferent as to the derivation of Rotten Row. Does not find that the Girondists, on the Thirty Years' War, or the Man in the Iron Mask are common topics of conversation at dinner, and is not pressed by her partners for her views on the probable exhaustion of our coal-fields, and the nature of the implements found in the Drift. The drift of their remarks usually somewhat silly. Made the following replies as to the source of one or two familiar quotations:—

"On the light fantastic toe:—"

A novel she once read, called *Almacks*.

"And waste its sweetness on the desert air:—"

PIESSE AND LUDIN.

"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?—"

Probably some medical book, not proper for her to read.

"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:—"

DIBDIN'S *Naval Songs*.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise:—"

Cordially agrees with that excellent sentiment of MRS. HANNAH MORE'S.

LINDA TRESSEL. — PART III.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK passed by, and Linda Tressel heard nothing of Ludovic, and began at last to hope that that terrible episode of the young man's visit to her might be allowed to be as though it had never been. A week passed by, during every day of which Linda had feared and had half expected to hear some question from her aunt which would nearly crush her to the ground. But no such question had been asked, and, for aught that Linda knew, no one but she and Ludovic were aware of the wonderful jump that had been made out of the boat on to the island. And during this week little, almost nothing, was said to her in reference to the courtship of Peter Steinmarc. Peter himself spoke never a word; and Madame Staubach had merely said, in reference to certain pipes of tobacco which were smoked by the town-clerk in Madame Staubach's parlour, and which would heretofore have been smoked in the town-clerk's own room, that it was well that Peter should learn to make himself at home with them. Linda had said nothing in reply, but had sworn inwardly that she would never make herself at home with Peter Steinmarc.

In spite of the pipes of tobacco, Linda was beginning to hope that she might even yet escape from her double peril, and, perhaps, was beginning to have hope even beyond that, when she was suddenly shaken in her security by words which were spoken to her by Fanny Heisse. "Linda," said Fanny, running over to the gate of Madame Staubach's house, very early on one bright summer morning, "Linda, it is to be to-morrow! And will you not come?"

"No, dear; we never go out here: we are so sad and solemn that we know nothing of gaiety."

"You need not be solemn unless you like it."

"I don't know but what I do like it, Fanny; I have become so used to it that I am as grave as an owl."

"That comes of having an old lover, Linda."

"I have not got an old lover," said Linda, petulantly.

"You have got a young one, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Fanny?"

"What do I mean? Just what I say. You know very well what I mean. Who was it jumped over the river that Sunday morning, my dear? I know all about it."

Then there came across Linda's face a look of extreme pain, — a look of anguish; and Fanny Heisse could see that her friend was greatly moved by what she had said. "You don't suppose that I shall tell any one," she added.

"I should not mind any thing being told if all could be told, Linda."

"But he did come, — did he not?" Linda merely nodded her head. "Yes; I knew that he came when your aunt was at church, and Tetchen was out, and Herr Steinmarc was out. Is it not a pity that he should be such a ne'er-do-well?"

"Do you think that I am a ne'er-do-well, Fanny?"

"No, indeed; but, Linda, I will tell you what I have always thought about young men. They are very nice, and all that; and when old croaking hunkses have told me that I should have nothing to say to them, I have always answered that I meant to have as much to say to them as possible; but it is like eating good things; — everybody likes eating good things, but one feels ashamed of doing it in secret."

This was a terrible blow to poor Linda. "But I don't like doing it," she answered. "It wasn't my fault. I did not bid him come."

"One never does bid them to come; I mean not till one has taken up with a fellow as a lover outright. Then you bid them, and sometimes they won't come for your bidding."

"I would have given any thing in the world to have prevented his doing what he did. I never mean to speak to him again, — if I can help it."

"Oh, Linda!"

"I suppose you think I expected him, because I stayed at home alone."

"Well, — I did think that possibly you expected something."

"I would have gone to church with my aunt though my head was splitting had I thought that Herr Valcarm would have come here while she was away."

"Mind I have not blamed you. It is a great shame to give a girl an old lover like Peter Steinmarc, and ask her to marry him. I wouldn't have married Peter Steinmarc for all the uncles and all the aunts in creation; nor yet for father, — though father would never have thought of such a thing. I think a girl should choose a lover for herself, though how she is to do so if she is to be kept moping at home always, I cannot tell. If I were treated as you are I think I should ask somebody to jump over the river to me."

"I have asked nobody. But, Fanny, how did you know it?"

"A little bird saw him."

"But, Fanny, do tell me."

"Max saw him get across the river with his own eyes." Max Bogen was the happy man who on the morrow was to make Fanny Heisse his wife.

"Heavens and earth!"

"But, Linda, you need not be afraid of Max. Of all men in the world he is the very last to tell tales."

"Fanny, if ever you whisper a word of this to any one, I will never speak to you again."

"Of course, I shall not whisper it."

"I cannot explain to you all about it, — how it would ruin me. I think I should kill myself outright if my aunt were to know it; and yet I did nothing wrong. I would not encourage a man to come to me in that way for all the world; but I could not help his coming. I got myself into the kitchen; but when I found that he was in the house I thought it would be better to open the door and speak to him."

"Very much better. I would have slapped his face. A lover should know when to come and when to stay away."

"I was ashamed to think that I did not dare to speak to him, and so I opened the door. I was very angry with him."

"But still, perhaps, you like him, — just a little; is not that true, Linda?"

"I do not know; but this I know, I do not want ever to see him again."

"Come, Linda; never is a long time."

"Let it be ever so long, what I say is true."

"The worst of Ludovic is that he is a ne'er-do-well. He spends more money than he earns, and he is one of those wild spirits who are always making up some plan of politics — who live with one foot inside the State prison, as it were. I like a lover to be gay, and all that; but it is not well to have one's young man carried off and locked up by the burgomasters. But, Linda, do not be unhappy. Be sure that I shall not tell; and as for Max Bogen, his tongue is not his own. I should like to hear him say a word about such a thing when I tell him to be silent."

Linda believed her friend, but still it was a great trouble to her that any one should know what Ludovic Valcarm had done on that Sunday morning. As she thought of it all, it seemed to her to be almost impossible that a secret should remain a secret that was known to three persons, — for she was sure that Tetchen knew it, — to three per-

sons besides those immediately concerned. She thought of her aunt's words to her, when Madame Staubach had cautioned her against deceit, "I do not think that you would willingly be false to me, because the sin against the Lord would be so great." Linda had understood well how much had been meant by this caution. Her aunt had groaned over her in spirit once, when she found it to be a fact that Ludovic Valcarm had been allowed to speak to her, — had been allowed to speak though it were but a dozen words. The dozen words had been spoken and had not been revealed, and Madame Staubach having heard of this sin, had groaned in the spirit heavily. How much deeper would be her groans if she should come to know that Ludovic had been received in her absence, had been received on a Sabbath morning, when her niece was feigning to be ill! Linda still fancied that her aunt might believe her if she were to tell her own story, but she was certain that her aunt would never believe her if the story were to be told by another. In that case there would be nothing for her, Linda, but perpetual war; and, as she thought, perpetual disgrace. As her aunt would in such circumstances range her forces on the side of propriety, so must she range hers on the side of impropriety. It would become necessary that she should surrender herself, as it were, to Satan; that she should make up her mind for an evil life; that she should cut altogether the cord which bound her to the rigid practices of her present mode of living. Her aunt had once asked her if she meant to be the light-of-love of this young man. Linda had well known what her aunt had meant, and had felt deep offence; but yet she now thought that she could foresee a state of things in which, though that degradation might yet be impossible, the infamy of such degradation would belong to her. She did not know how to protect herself from all this, unless she did so by telling her aunt of the young man's visit.

But were she to do so she must accompany her tale by the strongest assurance that no possible consideration would induce her to marry Peter Steinmarc. There must then be a compact, as has before been said, that the name neither of one man nor the other should ever again be mentioned as that of Linda's future husband. But would her aunt agree to such a compact? Would she not rather so use the story that would be told to her, as to draw from it additional reasons for pressing Peter's suit? The odious man still smoked his pipes of tobacco

in Madame Staubach's parlour, gradually learning to make himself at home there. Linda, as she thought of this, became grave, settled, and almost ferocious in the working of her mind. Anything would be better than this,—even the degradation to be feared from hard tongues, and from the evil report of virtuous women. As she pictured to herself Peter Steinmarc with his big feet, and his straggling hairs, and his old hat, and his constant pipe, almost any lot in life seemed to her to be better than that. Any lot in death would certainly be better than that. No! If she told her story there must be a compact. And if her aunt would consent to no compact, then,—then she must give herself over to the Evil One. In that case there would be no possible friend for her, no ally available to her in her difficulties, but the one. In that case, even though Ludovic should have both feet within the State prison, he must be all in all to her, and she,—if possible,—all in all to him.

Then she was driven to ask herself some questions as to her feelings towards Ludovic Valcarm. Hitherto she had endeavoured to comfort herself with the reflection that she had in no degree committed herself. She had not even confessed to herself that she loved the man. She had never spoken,—she thought that she had never spoken a word, that could be taken by him as encouragement. But yet, as things were going with her now, she passed no waking hour without thinking of him; and in her sleeping hours he came to her in her dreams. Ah, how often he leaped over that river, beautifully, like an angel, and running to her in her difficulties, dispersed all her troubles by the beauty of his presence. But then the scene would change, and he would become a fiend instead of a god, or a fallen angel; and at these moments it would become her fate to be carried off with him into uttermost darkness. But even in her saddest dreams she was never inclined to stand before the table in the church and vow that she would be the loving wife of Peter Steinmarc. Whenever in her dreams such a vow was made, the promise was always given to that ne'er-do-well.

Of course she loved the man. She came to know it as a fact, to be quite sure that she loved him, without reaching any moment in which she first made the confession openly to herself. She knew that she loved him. Had she not loved him, would she have so easily forgiven him,—so easily have told him that he was forgiven? Had she not loved him, would not her aunt have heard the whole story from her on that Sunday

evening, even though the two chapters of Isaiah had been left unread in order that she might tell it? Perhaps, after all, the compact of which she had been thinking might be more difficult to her than she had imagined. If the story of Ludovic's coming could be kept from her aunt's ears, it might even yet be possible to her to keep Steinmarc at a distance without any compact. One thing was certain to her. He should be kept at a distance, either with or without a compact.

Days went on, and Fanny Heisse was married, and all probability of telling the story was at an end. Madame Staubach had asked her niece why she did not go to her friend's wedding, but Linda had made no answer,—had shaken her head as though in anger. What business had her aunt to ask her why she did not make one of a gay assemblage, while every thing was being done to banish all feeling of gaiety from her life? How could there be any pleasant thought in her mind while Peter Steinmarc still smoked his pipes in their front parlour? Her aunt understood this, and did not press the question of the wedding party. But, after so long an interval, she did find it necessary to press that other question of Peter's courtship. It was now nearly a month since the matter had first been opened to Linda, and Madame Staubach was resolved that the thing should be settled before the autumn was over. "Linda," she said one day, "has Peter Steinmarc spoken to you lately?"

"Has he spoken to me, aunt Charlotte?"

"You know what I mean, Linda."

"No, he has not—spoken to me. I do not mean that he should—speak to me." Linda, as she made this answer, put on a hard stubborn look, such as her aunt did not know that she had ever before seen upon her countenance. But if Linda was resolved, so also was Madame Staubach.

"My dear," said the aunt, "I do not know what to think of such an answer. Herr Steinmarc has a right to speak if he pleases, and certainly so when that which he says is said with my full concurrence."

"I can't allow you to think that I shall ever be his wife. That is all."

After this there was silence for some minutes, and then Madame Staubach spoke again. "My dear, have you thought at all about—marriage?"

"Not much, aunt Charlotte."

"I daresay not, Linda; and yet it is a subject on which a young woman should think much before she either accepts or rejects a proposed husband."

"It is enough to know that one doesn't like a man."

"No, that is not enough. You should examine the causes of your dislike. And as far as mere dislike goes, you should get over it, if it be unjust. You ought to do that, whoever may be the person in question."

"But it is not mere dislike."

"What do you mean, Linda?"

"It is disgust."

"Linda, that is very wicked. You should not allow yourself to feel what you call disgust at any of God's creatures. Have you ever thought who made Herr Steinmarc?"

"God made Judas Iscariot, aunt Charlotte."

"Linda, that is profane, — very profane."

Then there was silence between them again; and Linda would have remained silent had her aunt permitted it. She had been called profane, but she disregarded that, having, as she thought, got the better of her aunt in the argument as to disgust felt for any of God's creatures. But Madame Staubach had still much to say. "I was asking you whether you had thought at all about marriage, and you told me that you had not."

"I have thought that I could not possibly — under any circumstances — marry Peter Steinmarc."

"Linda, will you let me speak? Marriage is a very solemn thing."

"Very solemn indeed, aunt Charlotte."

"In the first place, it is the manner in which the all-wise Creator has thought fit to make the weaker vessel subject to the stronger one." Linda said nothing, but thought that that old town-clerk was not a vessel strong enough to hold her in subjection. "It is this which a woman should bring home to herself, Linda, when she first thinks of marriage."

"Of course I should think of it, if I were going to be married."

"Young women too often allow themselves to imagine that wedlock should mean pleasure and diversion. Instead of that it is simply the entering into that state of life in which a woman can best do her duty here below. All life here must be painful, full of toil, and moistened with many tears." Linda was partly prepared to acknowledge the truth of this teaching; but she thought that there was a great difference in the bitterness of tears. Were she to marry Ludovic Valcarm, her tears with him would doubtless be very bitter, but no tears could be so bitter as those which she would be called upon to shed as the wife of Peter Steinmarc. "Of course," continued Mad-

ame Staubach, "a wife should love her husband."

"But I could not love Peter Steinmarc."

"Will you listen to me? How can you understand me if you will not listen to me? A wife should love her husband. But young women, such as I see them to be, because they have been so instructed, want to have something soft and delicate, a creature without a single serious thought, who is chosen because his cheek is red and his hair is soft; because he can dance, and speak vain, meaningless words; because he makes love, as the foolish parlance of the world goes. And we see what comes of such lovemaking. Oh, Linda! God forbid that you should fall into that snare! If you will think of it, what is it but harlotry?"

"Aunt Charlotte, do not say such horrible things."

"A woman when she becomes a man's wife should see, above all things, that she is not tempted by the devil after this fashion. Remember, Linda, how he goeth about, — ever after our souls, — like a roaring lion. And it is in this way specially that he goeth about after the souls of young women."

"But why do you say those things to me?"

"It is to you only that I can say them. I would so speak to all young women, if it were given me to speak to more than to one. You talk of love."

"No, aunt; never. I do not talk — of love."

"Young women do, and think of it, not knowing what love for their husband should mean. A woman should revere her husband, and obey him, and be subject to him in everything." Was it supposed, Linda thought, that she should revere such a being as Peter Steinmarc? What could be her aunt's idea of reverence? "If she does that, she will love him also."

"Yes, — if she does," said Linda.

"And will not this be much more likely, if the husband be older than his wife?"

"A year or two," said Linda, timidly.

"Not a year or two only, but so much so as to make him graver and wiser, and fit to be in command over her. Will not the woman so ruled be safer than she who trusts herself with one who is perhaps as weak and inexperienced as herself?" Madame Staubach paused, but Linda would not answer the question. She did not wish for such security as was here proposed to her. "Is it not that of which you have to think, — your safety here, so that, if possible, you may be safe hereafter?" Linda answered this to herself, within her own bosom. Not

for security here or hereafter, even were such to be found by such means, would she consent to become the wife of the man proposed to her. Madame Staubach, finding that no spoken reply was given to her questions, at last proceeded from generalities to the special case which she had under her consideration. "Linda," she said, "I trust you will consent to become the wife of this excellent man." Linda's face became very hard, but still she said nothing. "The danger of which I have spoken is close upon you. You must feel it to be so. A youth, perhaps the most notorious in all Nuremberg for wickedness" —

"No, aunt; no."

"I say yes; and this youth is spoken of openly as your lover."

"No one has a right to say so."

"It is said, and he has so addressed himself to your own ears. You have confessed it. Tell me that you will do as I would have you, and then I shall know that you are safe. Then I will trust you in everything, for I shall be sure that it will be well with you. Linda, shall it be so?"

"It shall not be so, aunt Charlotte."

"Is it thus you answer me?"

"Nothing shall make me marry a man whom I hate."

"Hate him! Oh, Linda."

"Nothing shall make me marry a man whom I cannot love."

"You fancy, then, that you love that reprobate?" Linda was silent. "Is it so? Tell me. I have a right to demand an answer to that question."

"I do love him," said Linda. Using the moment for reflection allowed to her as best she could, she thought that she saw the best means of escape in this avowal. Surely her aunt would not press her to marry one man when she had declared that she loved another.

"Then, indeed, you are a castaway."

"I am no castaway, aunt Charlotte," said Linda, rising to her feet. "Nor will I remain here, even with you, to be so called. I have done nothing to deserve it. If you will cease to press upon me this odious scheme, I will do nothing to disgrace either myself or you; but if I am perplexed by Herr Steinmarc and his suit, I will not answer for the consequences." Then she turned her back upon her aunt and walked slowly out of the room.

On that very evening Peter came to Linda while she was standing alone at the kitchen window. Tetchen was out of the house, and Linda had escaped from the parlour as soon as the hour arrived at which in those

days Steinmarc was wont to seat himself in her aunt's presence and slowly light his huge meerschaum pipe. But on this occasion he followed her into the kitchen, and Linda was aware that this was done before her aunt had had any opportunity of explaining to him what had occurred on that morning. "Fraulein," he said, "as you are alone here, I have ventured to come in and join you."

"This is no proper place for you, Herr Steinmarc," she replied. Now, it was certainly the case that Peter rarely passed a day without standing for some twenty minutes before the kitchen stove talking to Tetchen. Here he would always take off his boots when they were wet, and here, on more than one occasion, — on more, probably, than fifty, — had he sat and smoked his pipe, when there was no other stove a-light in the house to comfort him with its warmth. Linda, therefore, had no strong point in her favour when she pointed out to her suitor that he was wrong to intrude upon the kitchen.

"Wherever you are, must be good for me," said Peter, trying to smirk and to look pleased.

Linda was determined to silence him, even if she could not silence her aunt. "Herr Steinmarc," she said, "I have explained to my aunt that this kind of thing from you must cease. It must be made to cease. If you are a man you will not persecute me by a proposal which I have told you already is altogether out of the question. If there were not another man in all Nuremberg, I would not have you. You may perhaps make me hate you worse than anybody in the world; but you cannot possibly do anything else. Go to my aunt, and you will find that I have told her the same." Then she walked off to her own bedroom, leaving the town-clerk in sole possession of the kitchen.

Peter Steinmarc, when he was left standing alone in the kitchen, did not like his position. He was a man not endowed with much persuasive gift of words, but he had a certain strength of his own. He had a will and some firmness in pursuing the thing which he desired. He was industrious, patient, and honest with a sort of second-class honesty. He liked to earn what he took, though he had a strong bias towards believing that he had earned whatever in any way he might have taken, and after the same fashion he was true with a second-class truth. He was unwilling to deceive; but he was usually able to make himself believe that that which would have been deceit from another to him, was not deceit from him to another. He was friendly in his nature to a

certain degree, understanding that good offices to him-wards could not be expected unless he also was prepared to do good offices to others; but on this matter he kept an accurate mental account-sheet, on which he strove hard to be able to write the balance always on the right side. He was not cruel by nature, but he had no tenderness of heart and no delicacy of perception. He could forgive an offence against his comfort, as when Tetchen would burn his soup; or even against his pocket, as when, after many struggles, he would be unable to enforce the payment of some municipal fee. But he was vain, and could not forgive an offence against his person. Linda had previously told him to his face that he was old, and had with premeditated malice and falsehood exaggerated his age. Now she threatened him with her hatred. If he persevered in asking her to be his wife, she would hate him! He, too, began to hate her; but his hatred was unconscious, a thing of which he was himself unaware, and he still purposed that she should be his wife. He would break her spirit, and bring her to his feet, and punish her with a life-long punishment for saying that he was sixty, when, as she well knew, he was only fifty-two. She should beg for his love, — she who had threatened him with her hatred! And if she held out against him, he would lead her such a life, by means of tales told to Madame Staubach, that she should gladly accept any change as a release. He never thought of the misery that might be forthcoming to himself in the possession of a young wife procured after such a fashion. A man requires some power of imagination to enable him to look forward to the circumstances of an untried existence, and Peter Steinmarc was not an imaginative man.

But he was a thoughtful man, cunning withal, and conscious that various resources might be necessary to him. There was a certain packer of casks, named Stobe, in the employment of the brewers who owned the warehouse opposite, and Stobe was often to be seen on the other side of the river in the Ruden Platz. With this man Steinmarc had made an acquaintance not at first with any reference to Linda Tressel, but because he was desirous of having some private information as to the doings of his relative Ludovic Valcarm. From Stobe, however, he had received the first intimation of Ludovic's passion for Linda; and now on this very evening of which we are speaking, he obtained further information, — which shocked him, frightened him, pained him exceedingly, and yet gave him keen gratifica-

tion. Stobe also had seen the leap out of the boat, and the rush through the river; and when, late on that evening, Peter Steinmarc, sore with the rebuff which he had received from Linda, pattered over to the Ruden Platz, thinking that it would be well that he should be very cunning, that he should have a spy with his eye always open, that he should learn everything that could be learned by one who might watch the red house, and watch Ludovic also, he learned, all of a sudden, by the speech of a moment, that Ludovic Valcarm had, on that Sunday morning, paid his wonderful visit to the island.

"So you mean that you saw him?" said Peter.

"With my own eyes," said Stobe, who had his reasons, beyond Peter's moderate bribes, for wishing to do an evil turn to Ludovic. "And I saw her at the parlour window, watching him, when he came back through the water."

"How long was he with her?" asked Peter, groaning, but yet exultant.

"A matter of half an hour; not less anyways."

"It was two Sundays since?" said Peter, remembering well the morning on which, Linda had declined to go to church because of her headache.

"I remember it well. It was the feast of St. Lawrence," said Stobe, who was a Roman Catholic, and mindful of the festivals of his Church.

Peter tarried for no further discourse with the brewer's man, but hurried back again, round by the bridge, to the red house. As he went he applied his mind firmly to the task of resolving what he would do. He might probably take the most severe revenge on Linda, the revenge which should for the moment be the most severe, by summoning her to the presence of her aunt, by there exposing her vile iniquity, and by there declaring that it was out of the question that a man so respectable as he should contaminate himself by marrying so vile a creature. But were he to do this Linda would never be in his power, and the red house would never be in his possession. Moreover, though he continued to tell himself that Linda was vile, though he was prepared to swear to her villany, he did not in truth believe that she had done any thing disgraceful. That she had seen her lover he did not doubt; but that, in Peter's own estimation, was a thing to be expected. He must, no doubt, on this occasion pretend to view the matter with the eyes of Madame Staubach. In punishing Linda, he would

so view it. But he thought that, upon the whole bearing of the case, it would not be incumbent upon his dignity to abandon forever his bride and his bride's property, because she had been indiscreet. He would marry her still. But before he did so he would let her know how thoroughly she was in his power, and how much she would owe to him if he now took her to his bosom. The point on which he could not at once quite make up his mind was this: Should he tell Madame Staubach first, or should he endeavour to use the power over Linda, which his knowledge gave him, by threats to her? Might he not say to her with much strength, "Give way to me at once, or I will reveal to your aunt this story of your villainess?" This no doubt would be the best course, could he trust in its success. But, should it not succeed, he would then have injured his position. He was afraid that Linda would be too high-spirited, too obstinate, and he resolved that his safest course would be to tell every thing at once to Madame Staubach.

As he passed between the back of Jacob Heisse's house and the river he saw the upholsterer's ruddy face looking out from an open window belonging to his workshop. "Good evening, Peter," said Jacob Heisse. "I hope the ladies are well."

"Pretty well, I thank you," said Peter, as he was hurrying by.

"Tell Linda that we take it amiss that she did not come to our girl's wedding. The truth is, Peter, you keep her too much moped up there among you. You should remember, Peter, that too much work makes Jack a dull boy. Linda will give you all the slip some day, if she be kept so tight in hand."

Peter muttered something as he passed on to the red house. Linda would give them the slip, would she? It was not improbable, he thought, that she should try to do so, but he would keep such a watch on her that it should be very difficult, and the widow should watch as closely as he would do. Give them the slip! Yes; that might be possible, and therefore he would lose no time.

When he entered the house he walked at once up to Madame Staubach's parlour, and entered it without any of that ceremony of knocking that was usual to him. It was not that he intended to put all ceremony aside, but that in his eager haste he forgot his usual precaution. When he entered the room Linda was there with her aunt, and he had again to turn the whole subject over in his thoughts. Should he tell his

tale in Linda's presence or behind her back? It gradually became apparent to him that he could not possibly tell it before her face; but he did not arrive at this conclusion without delay, and the minutes which were so occupied were full of agony. He seated himself in his accustomed chair, and looked from the aunt to the niece and then from the niece to the aunt. Give him the slip, would she? Well, perhaps she would. But she should be very clever if she did.

"I thought you would have been in earlier, Peter," said Madame Staubach.

"I was coming, but I saw the fraulein in the kitchen, and I ventured to speak a word or two there. The reception which I received drove me away."

"Linda, what is this?"

"I did not think, aunt, that the kitchen was the proper place for him."

"Any room in this house is the proper place for him," said Madame Staubach, in her enthusiasm. Linda was silent, and Peter replied to this expression of hospitality simply by a grateful nod. "I will not have you give yourself airs, Linda," continued Madame Staubach. "The kitchen not a proper place! What harm could Peter do in the kitchen?"

"He tormented me, so I left him. When he torments me I shall always leave him." Then Linda got up and stalked out of the room. Her aunt called her more than once, but she would not return. Her life was becoming so heavy to her, that it was impossible that she should continue to endure it. She went up now to her room, and looking out of the window fixed her eyes upon the low stone archway in which she had more than once seen Ludovic Valcarm. But he was not there now. She knew, indeed, that he was not in Nuremberg. Tetchen had told her that he had gone to Augsburg, — on pretence of business connected with the brewery, Tetchen had said, but in truth with reference to some diabolical political scheme as to which Tetchen expressed a strong opinion that all who dabbled in it were children of the very devil. But though Ludovic was not in Nuremberg, Linda stood looking at the archway for more than half an hour, considering the circumstances of her life, and planning, if it might be possible to plan, some future scheme of existence. To live under the upas-tree of Peter Steinmarc's courtship would be impossible to her. But how should she avoid it? As she thought of this, her eyes were continually fixed on the low archway. Why did not he come out from it and give her some counsel as to

the future? There she stood looking out of the window till she was called by her aunt's voice—"Linda, Linda, come down to me." Her aunt's voice was very solemn, almost as though it came from the grave; but then solemnity was common to her aunt, and Linda, as she descended, had not on her mind any special fear.

When she reached the parlour Madame Staubach was alone there, standing in the middle of the room. For a moment or two after she entered, the widow stood there without speaking, and then Linda knew that there was cause for fear. "Did you want me, aunt Charlotte?" she said.

"Linda, what were you doing on the morning of the Sabbath before the last, when I went to church alone, leaving you in bed?"

Linda was well aware now that her aunt knew it all, and was aware also that Steinmarc had been the informer. No idea of denying the truth of the story or of concealing anything, crossed her mind for a moment. She was quite prepared to tell everything now, feeling no doubt but that everything had been told. There was no longer a hope that she should recover her aunt's affectionate good-will. But in what words was she to tell her tale? That was now her immediate difficulty. Her aunt was standing before her, hard, stern, and cruel, expecting an answer to her question. How was that answer to be made on the spur of the moment?

"I did nothing, aunt Charlotte. A man came here while you were absent."

"What man?"

"Ludovic Valcarm." They were both standing, each looking the other full in the face. On Madame Staubach's countenance there was written a degree of indignation and angry shame which seemed to threaten utter repudiation of her niece. On Linda's was written a resolution to bear it all without flinching. She had no hope now with her aunt,—no other hope than that of being able to endure. For some moments neither of them spoke, and then Linda, finding it difficult to support her aunt's continued gaze, commenced her defence. "The young man came when I was alone, and made his way into the house when the door was bolted. I had locked myself into the kitchen; but when I heard his voice I opened the door, thinking that it did not become me to be afraid of his presence."

"Why did you not tell me,—at once?" Linda made no immediate reply to this question; but when Madame Staubach repeated it, she was obliged to answer.

"I told him that if he would go, I would forgive him: Then he went, and I thought that I was bound by my promise to be silent."

Madame Staubach having heard this, turned round slowly, and walked to the window, leaving Linda in the middle of the room. There she stood for perhaps half a minute, and then came slowly back again. Linda had remained where she was, without stirring a limb; but her mind had been active, and she had determined that she would submit in silence to no rebukes. Any commands from her aunt, save one, she would endeavor to obey; but from all accusations as to impropriety of conduct she would defend herself with unabashed spirit. Her aunt came up close to her; and, putting out one hand, with the palm turned towards her, raising it as high as her shoulder, seemed to wave her away. "Linda," said Madame Staubach, "you are a castaway."

"I am no castaway, aunt Charlotte," said Linda, almost jumping from her feet, and screaming in her self-defence.

"You will not frighten me by your wicked violence. You have—lied to me;—have lied to me. Yes; and that after all that I said to you as to the heinousness of such wickedness. Linda, it is my belief that you knew that he was coming when you kept your bed on that Sabbath morning."

"If you choose to have such thoughts of me in your heart, aunt Charlotte, I cannot help it. I knew nothing of his coming. I would have given all I had to prevent it. Yes,—though his coming could do me no real harm. My good name is more precious to me than anything short of my self-esteem. Nothing even that you can say shall rob me of that."

Madame Staubach was almost shaken by the girl's firmness,—by that, and by her own true affection for the sinner. In her bosom, what remained of the softness of womanhood was struggling with the hardness of the religious martinet, and with the wilfulness of the domestic tyrant. She had promised to Steinmarc that she would be very stern. Steinmarc had pointed out to her that nothing but the hardest severity could be of avail. He, in telling his story, had taken it for granted that Linda had expected her lover, had remained at home on purpose that she might receive her lover, and had lived a life of deceit with her aunt for months past. When Madame Staubach had suggested that the young man's coming might have been accidental, he had treated the idea with ridicule. He, as the girl's injured suitor, was, he declared, obliged to

treat such a suggestion as altogether incredible, although he was willing to pardon the injury done to him, if a course of intense severity and discipline were at once adopted, and if this were followed by repentance which to him should appear to be sincere. When he took this high ground, as a man having authority, and as one who knew the world, he had carried Madame Staubach with him, and she had not ventured to say a word in excuse for her niece. She had promised that the severity should be at any rate forthcoming, and, if possible, the discipline. As for the repentance, that, she said meekly, must be left in the hands of God. "Ah!" said Peter, in his bitterness, "I would make her repent in sackcloth and ashes!" Then Madame Staubach had again promised that the sackcloth and ashes should be there. She remembered all this as she thought of relenting,—as she perceived that to relent would be sweet to her, and she made herself rigid with fresh resolves. If the man's coming had been accidental, why had not the story been told to her? She could understand nothing of that forgiveness of which Linda had spoken; and had not Linda confessed that she loved this man? Would she not rather have hated him who had so intruded upon her; had there been real intrusion in the visit?

"You have done that," she said, "which would destroy the character of any girl in Nuremberg."

"If you mean, aunt Charlotte, that the thing which has happened would destroy the character of any girl in Nuremberg, it may perhaps be true. If so, I am very unfortunate."

"Have you not told me that you love him?"

"I do;—I do;—I do! One cannot help one's love. To love as I do is another misfortune. There is nothing but misery around me. You have heard the whole truth now, and you may as well spare me further rebuke."

"Do you not know how such misery should be met?" Linda shook her head. Have you prayed to be forgiven this terrible sin?"

"What sin?" said Linda, again almost screaming in her energy.

"The terrible sin of receiving this man in the absence of your friends."

"It was no sin. I am sinful, I know,—very; no one perhaps more so. But there was no sin there. Could I help his coming? Aunt Charlotte, if you do not believe me about this, it is better that we

should never speak to each other again. If so, we must live apart."

"How can that be? We cannot rid ourselves of each other."

"I will go anywhere,—into service, away from Nuremberg,—where you will. But I will not be told that I am a liar."

And yet Madame Staubach was sure that Linda had lied. She thought that she was sure. And if so,—if it were the case that this young woman had planned an infamous scheme for receiving her lover on a Sunday morning;—the fact that it was on a Sunday morning, and that the hour of the Church service had been used, greatly enhanced the atrocity of the sin in the estimation of Madame Staubach;—if the young woman had intrigued in order that her lover might come to her, of course she would intrigue again. In spite of Linda's solemn protestation as to her self-esteem, the thing would be going on. This infamous young man, who, in Madame Staubach's eyes, was beginning to take the proportions of the Evil One himself, would be coming there beneath her very nose. It seemed to her that life would be impossible to her, unless Linda would consent to be married to the respectable suitor who was still willing to receive her; and that the only way in which to exact that consent would be to insist on the degradation to which Linda had subjected herself. Linda had talked of going into service. Let her go into that service which was now offered to her by those whom she was bound to obey. "Of course Herr Steinmarc knows it all," said Madame Staubach.

"I do not regard in the least what Herr Steinmarc knows," replied Linda.

"But he is still willing to overlook the impropriety of your conduct, upon condition" —

"He overlook it! Let him dare to say such a word to me, and I would tell him that his opinion in this matter was of less moment to me than that of any other creature in all Nuremberg. What is it to him who comes to me? Were it but for him, I would bid the young man come every day."

"Linda!"

"Do not talk to me about Peter Steinmarc, aunt Charlotte, or I shall go mad."

"I must talk about him, and you must hear about him. It is now more than ever necessary that you should be his wife. All Nuremberg will hear of this."

"Of course it will,—as Peter Steinmarc knows it."

"And how will you cover yourself from your shame?"

"I will not cover myself at all. If you are ashamed of me, I will go away. If you will not say that you are not ashamed of me, I will go away. I have done nothing to disgrace me, and I will hear nothing about shame." Having made this brave assertion, she burst into tears, and then escaped to her own bed.

When Madame Staubach was left alone, she sat down, closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and began to pray. As to what she should do in these terrible circumstances she had no light, unless such light might be given to her from above. A certain trust she had in Peter Steinmarc, because Peter was a man, and not a young man; but it was not a trust which made her confident. She thought that Peter was very good in being willing to take Linda at all after all that had happened, but she had begun to be aware that he himself was not able to make his own goodness apparent to Linda. She did not in her heart blame Peter for his want of eloquence, but rather imputed an increased degree of culpability to Linda, in that any eloquence was necessary for her conviction on such a matter. Eloquence in an affair of marriage, in reference to any preparation for marriage arrangements, was one of those devil's baits of which Madame Staubach was especially afraid. Ludovic Valcarm no doubt could be eloquent, could talk of love, and throw glances from his eyes, and sigh, and do worse things, perhaps, even than those. All tricks of Satan, these, to ensnare the souls of young women! Peter could perform no such tricks, and therefore it was that his task was so difficult to him. She could not regard it as a deficiency that he was unable to do those very things which, when done in her presence, were abominable to her sight, and when spoken of

were abominable to her ears, and when thought of were abominable to her imagination. But yet how was she to arrange this marriage, if Peter were able to say nothing for himself? So she sat herself down and clasped her hands and prayed earnestly that assistance might be given to her. If you pray that a mountain shall be moved, and will have faith, the mountain shall certainly be stirred. So she told herself; but she told herself this in an agony of spirit, because she still doubted, — she feared that she doubted, — that this thing would not be done for her by heaven's aid. Oh, if she could only make herself certain that heaven would aid her, then the thing would be done for her. She could not be certain, and therefore she felt herself to be a wretched sinner.

In the mean time, Linda was in bed upstairs, thinking over her position, and making up her mind as to what should be her future conduct. As far as it might be possible, she would enter no room in which Peter Steinmarc was present. She would not go into the parlour when he was there, even though her aunt should call her. Should he follow her into the kitchen, she would instantly leave it. On no pretence would she speak to him. She had always the refuge of her own bedroom, and should he venture to follow her there, she thought that she would know how to defend herself. As to the rest, she must bear her aunt's thoughts, and if necessary her aunt's hard words also. It was very well to talk of going into service, but where was the house that would receive her? And then, as to Ludovic Valcarm! In regard to him, it was not easy for her to come to any resolution; but she still thought that she would be willing to make that compact, if her aunt, on the other side, would be willing to make it also.

What is Free Trade? an Adaptation of Frederic Bastiat's 'Sophismes Economiques.' Designed for the American Reader. By Émile Walter, a Worker. (Putnam.)

Not for the English public, who, in a certain sense, may be said to have invented, or re-invented, free trade, but those citizens of the United States who, notwithstanding their boasted shrewdness and "brain-power," are under the influence of commercial fallacies that rouse the derision of intelligent English shopkeepers, Émile Walter, the *Worker* — whether of good or ill he omits to say — has produced this version of M. Bastiat's 'Sophismes Economiques.' In a brief introduction to the political essay, this arrogantly laborious Walter remarks, "I do not espouse free trade because it is

British, as some suppose it to be. Independent of other things, that would set me against it rather than otherwise; because, generally, those things which best fit European society ill befit our society, the structure of each being so different. Free trade is no more British than any other kind of freedom; indeed, Great Britain has only followed quite older examples in adopting it; as, for instance, the republic of Venice and Holland, both of which countries owed their extraordinary prosperity to the fact of their having set the example of relaxing certain absurd, though time-honoured, restrictions on commerce. I espouse free trade because it is just, is unselfish, and is profitable." How sweet are justice and unselfishness, and how highly to be commended when they are profitable! — *Athenæum*.

From The Spectator, Dec. 14.

WE mentioned cursorily last week the tenor of M. Rouher's speech on the Papal question on December 5, the telegraphic summary of which alone we had then received. It was very able, in its strong, rather coarse, highly flavoured, imperial style, and he was afterwards able to assure the Assembly that he had in no single instance transgressed what he had authority (from the Emperor) to say. He began by a rasping attack on Garibaldi, at whose courage he even ventured to sneer, and whose purpose of destroying not only the temporal, but the spiritual authority of the Pope he was very anxious to bring out clearly. Garibaldi's object, he said, was "the fall of the Pope, and the inauguration of a new religion." M. Rouher evidently does not accord to Garibaldi's new religion even as much respect as he would to the old. After painting strongly Garibaldi's revolutionary object, M. Rouher went on to criticize the Italian Government in its attitude towards the Garibaldian movement. "I believe that up to the 21st of September it was sincere, but weak. After the 22nd of that month I do not hesitate to declare that it was complaisant, subordinate, and almost an accomplice." S. Rattazzi was probably sincere, but "pursuing a chimera, that of preventing an aggression on Rome by his good relations with the Left." Statesmen, said M. Rouher, who attempt this sort of conciliation of revolution, always end by being swept away by it. So it was with S. Rattazzi, and when France intervened, it was not solely to protect the Pope, but also "the throne of Victor Emanuel," and toward off danger even from the throne of Napoleon. "I do not reveal completely enough the plots laid at Geneva. The fetid miasmas of the demagogues have reached even the soil of Paris." Hence, of course, the expedition.

M. Rouher's declarations as to the future are precise enough. "The French troops will remain at Rome as long as their presence shall be necessary for the security of the Pope, and by the word 'security' the Government mean to speak not only of material tranquillity, but also of serious guarantees to be given by Italy, *especially after all the deceptions we have experienced.*" "We declare," he went on, "that Italy shall not seize upon Rome. France will never submit to such a violation of her honour and of Catholicity in general." "When I spoke of Rome," he added later, "I meant to speak of the present Pontifical territory in all its integrity." These declarations were

received with rapturous cheering. Indeed, the clear lesson of the debate, — and a most impressive lesson it is, — is that France is urging Napoleon to thwart Italy *far beyond his own wish*, and that this jealousy of Italy is little more than jealousy of Prussia, expressed towards the less formidable of the two neighbours. In a word, the frenzy of French national pride, irritated by seeing the diminished importance of France, is at flood tide, and the Emperor is only yielding to the rush. This is, indeed, a dangerous symptom for Europe.

From The Spectator, Dec. 14.

FRANCE AND ITALY.

LACORDAIRE, in the enthusiastic universalism of his first vision of the Roman Catholic Church, once spoke of the various separate elements of that Church as "those narrow coteries called nations;" — but looking to his own subsequent experience, it would have given him probably less surprise than pain to see that the Temporal Power of the Pope would owe the greatest and most sudden triumph it has gained in our time to the very worst elements which ever held together the meanest of coteries, — the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which the members of an exclusive national coterie cherish towards those who defy their power and endanger their influence. M. Rouher, the great Vice-Emperor of the French, characterized the debate in the Legislative Chamber of France more exactly by far than the European Revolution, at which his anathema was directed, when he said, in his great Papal speech of December 5, "the dregs of all evil passions accumulate in the lower social stratum, and sometimes will come to the surface." Truly they did come to the surface, and that with unexampled virulence, in the debate of December 4 and 5, and we are afraid we must even admit that the evil passions which then came to the surface had accumulated "in the lower social stratum." Though expressed with malignant force by the mouth of such men as Thiers and Berryer, these evil passions evidently drew their sap from the masses of country voters whom the vast majority of the French Deputies represented. They found expression, not in the feelings of loyalty to the Church expressed by such men as Cardinal Bonne-

chose and Archbishop Darboy, but in the shriek of cynical individual scepticism and collective national malice in which M. Thiers so brilliantly expressed at once his contempt for the Roman See, and his intention to support it on the ground that it maddens the Italians, and may therefore end by inducing Italy to fall voluntarily on the willing sword of France. It was M. Thiers' speech, — the speech of a Mephistopheles, rather than of a man, both in the wealth and in the subtlety of its diabolic suggestions, — that really touched the heart, — using that word as the seat of the passions, — of the French Chamber. It was to its wonderful effect that M. Rouher's great modification of policy was obviously conceded. As all the French papers remark, MM. Thiers and Berryer are, to all intents and purposes, the dictators of the moment with respect to the foreign policy of France. In other words, the Pro-Papal policy which the Lower Chamber has advocated must be ascribed not to any Catholic reaction, but to the dismay, the fury, and the fear with which France discovers that a network of great nations is forming around her, in the meshes of which she will be comparatively powerless. "No Sovereign should create voluntarily on his own frontier a State of twenty-five millions of inhabitants," said M. Thiers, amidst general applause, and the key-note of the feeling of the Chamber throughout, is the key-note also of M. Thiers' speech, — the censure directed against the propagation of "those false ideas of nationality" which have led to the unification, first of Italy, and afterwards of Germany. The passion with which France now resolves that Italy shall remain divided by guaranteeing the permanence of "the bullet in her side" is due more to the rise of Germany, whom she does fear, on her eastern frontier, than to the growth of Italy, whom she does not fear, on her southern frontier. France discovers, just in time to alienate the gratitude and earn the deadly hostility of Italy, that there is one great step yet wanting to secure the greatness of the weaker of the two new powers, and in her spite at the progress of the other power over which she can exercise no control, she decrees with grinding teeth, and an explosion of insensate wrath that can only be described as the nearest equivalent to swearing in which a deliberative assembly can indulge, that if Prussia must become a great power, Italy never shall be while France can help it. Of course, this must be, — in spite of the *Moniteur's* unmeaning protest, — a definitive *coup de grâce* to the notion of a Conference. When

the Pope has intimated that he accepts it to reclaim his former territory, Italy on the express ground that she must and will go to Rome, and France records a pledge solemnly given that Italy shall never be permitted to go to Rome, it would be about as possible for these three parties to deliberate on the future, as for the forty persons who bound themselves together under a great curse neither to eat nor to drink till they had killed St. Paul to confer with St. Paul himself, and the Roman Government which imprisoned but protected him, how to reconcile their divergent views as to the apostle's destiny. The Pope said what rendered the Conference hopeless; Italy went on to say what rendered it ludicrous; France has now pronounced what renders it impossible.

What is to us the darkest of all dark elements in the French situation, is that the Emperor and the coarse Imperialists who make up his *entourage* appear to represent, at least in relation to foreign policy, a morale not lower, but indisputably higher than that of the French nation. They need goading by the masses of the electors before they cast away all largeness of policy and all generosity. They are not, indeed, dominated by religious convictions; but no more are the Deputies who so rapturously applaud M. Thiers. But having cast away these religious ideas, M. de Moustier and M. Rouher would obviously have hesitated at making them the flimsy excuses for a policy of inveterate envy and provocation, had not the Tempter presented himself with M. Thiers for mouthpiece and all the power of the country population at his back. That the coarse though clever tyranny which rules France should be, in this respect, at least, superior to France, — the tempted, and not the tempter, — is, indeed, a matter which might break the hearts of noble Frenchmen.

If we turn from France to Italy, there is but little food for consolation. In the Italian debate we find no sign of earnest self-respect, of high courage, of clear purpose, to say nothing at all of noble audacity. The contemptuous words of M. de Moustier, and the threatening words of M. Rouher, seem to have roused no flame of indignation. Italy speaks as we might expect from a nation which has precipitated a revolution without intending to pay the cost, on a speculative hope that the cost would never be required at her hands. Member after member rises in the Parliament to speak with a sort of quaver of fretful dismay of what has happened and what is impending, but neither in the Govern-

ment nor in the Opposition does there seem any sign of distinct resolve. The policy before the recent move, during it, and after it, is all of a piece. The former Ministry began by resenting, with great justice, the ostentatious boast of the Antibes Legion that it was the mere vanguard of the French Army, and the presumption which the acts of the French Administration itself had afforded that this, as afterwards actually turned out, was no empty boast. Then M. Rattazzi seemed to think that it would be better to prepare for his experiment on French forbearance by subserviency, rather than by remonstrance; he declared himself fully satisfied, — every cause of complaint absolutely removed, — though none of the grounds of complaint had been removed at all, and strove to wheedle France out of a permission to break a treaty on the virtual French breach of which he had not had the nerve to quarrel. When the French were proof against these little flatteries, and the expedition reached Civita Vecchia, the new Government took heart to cross the frontier, — only, however, to creep back again within two days, on feeling the inexorable sternness of French displeasure. Since then the attitude of Italy has been precisely that indicated by this moral see-saw, — inability to refrain either from trying to conciliate France, or wishing to defy her. All the speeches in the Assembly, — Signor Menabrea's not excepted, — hover in painful indecision between defiance and complaisance. If Italy had only the nerve to say openly, 'We are too weak to fight, and will not attempt it; but we will hold no converse with a Government that heaps on us insult and threats, and we shall break off all diplomatic communication,' her attitude would be dignified and her future clear. For even this, however, she has not at present the strength.

Low as is our estimate of the attitude taken up both by France and Italy, we cannot, however, say that the situation is without compensating benefits. One great benefit certainly results from the recent declaration of M. Rouher. All ambiguities are removed. The Pope knows that France has now guaranteed him against Italy without making any condition as to reforms in the Roman territory, — has exchanged, in fact, her patronizing promises of conditional support, for an absolute pledge which she cannot violate without dishonour. The Pope, therefore, will be more than ever disposed to brave Italy, and rely on France. He will probably cast off all disposition to compromise, and make the situation of his protector more than ever unpleasant to a

power which has never been insensible to the censure of public opinion. In the next place, it is evidently good for Italy to know definitely that she can no longer look to gain Rome except by defying France. It will make her more patient for the present, more resolute for the future, more independent in all things. M. Rouher has pledged the Emperor never to allow Italy to take Rome, — and Rome he has defined as meaning the whole territory now actually ruled by the Pope. The Italians well knew what such a pledge means. If anything can brace them to their work, it is such a rock as that in the path. It will be useless for them, helpless as they are, to dash themselves against the steady sword of France. They must become something very different from what they now are, before they can rally their whole strength for the contest with even reasonable hope of success. But the knowledge that the French nation wishes nothing better than to dismember Italy, — that even the Emperor of the French might be compelled by his own people to undo the one great work of his life, — that he will assuredly never venture to complete it, or even to wink at Italy's completing it, — should nerve Italy to discipline herself for the tremendous task now before her. Nothing is worse for a nation in Italy's position than the hope that intrigue can help her. It prevents her looking steadily to the conditions of all true national greatness, — moral unity, popular earnestness, strong administration. It is not amiss, too, that Italy should be taught to regard the Pope as committed to lean on a foreign power which rejects the unification of Italy and longs for her dismemberment. If anything could de-mesmerize the superstitious imagination of the Italian people, this ought to do so. As the Bishop of Argyll, who knows Italy profoundly, acutely remarks in his recent pamphlet, here are French Bishops denouncing, as the worst scum of the earth, the very people who, if any people could, should exhibit the peculiar moral influence of the Papal teaching in its very highest form. Cannot the Italians themselves see that when their worst national enemy is Rome, they can scarcely regard Rome as their best spiritual friend? Who, then, is in fault, — Italy for not loving Rome, or Rome for opposing Italy's warmest aspirations? If the former, Italians should return to their allegiance; but this they never will do. If the latter, then what so logical a conclusion as that they should separate from Rome, — declare themselves schismatic? Were there faith enough

for schism in Italy, we should have hope indeed. But schism implies a new faith, and not merely an old faith's decay. Still if there be faith left in Italy, it is in this direction, — that of schism, — that the inflexible attitude of the Pope and his protector should tend. In any case, new definiteness and clearness of purpose must, we believe, come to Italy from the sharply defined Papal policy of the Emperor and M. Rouher.

From The Spectator, Dec. 14.

NAPOLEON'S NEW POSITION AT HOME.

THE reflex effect within France itself of the policy which Napoleon has adopted in Italy must necessarily be great. The direct power of the Priesthood, to begin with, has been thereby enormously increased. Hitherto they have been suppliants, energetic and importunate, no doubt, but still suppliants always moved by a secret fear that Napoleon if pressed too hard might go over to the other side, might by abandoning the Pope knock the keystone out of their organization, or even by secularizing education inflict a still more deadly blow on the Church. The vote of the 5th December removes all those restraining fears. The priests have shown that they can under favourable circumstances excite the majority of the Chamber to the height of resistance to the Imperial régime, that they are in certain contingencies, when fully aroused and heartily united, stronger than the Emperor himself. They have, moreover, for the time completely enfranchised the Papacy. It is useless for the Emperor any longer to threaten the Vatican, to demand reforms, to hint that he may retire. The Pope now knows that the French peasantry will aid him, that Napoleon cannot withdraw his protection, that his spiritual mantle shields his Chair till every attack upon it falls blunted. The hesitation visible throughout the internal action of the priesthood in France, and especially of the Papacy as their final referee, will henceforth disappear, and they will urge their special projects with a vehemence and a pertinacity of which since the expulsion of Charles X. we have had few examples. This spirit thus let loose must be and will be an almost fatal embarrassment for the Napoleonic dynasty. More steadfastly even than the Bourbons — whose conduct in this respect has always

been misrepresented in England — and much more steadfastly than the Orleanists, the Napoleons have maintained the great political dogma of France, that the State is above all interests, all organizations, all creeds; that the Church is but a department, education but a function, belief but an attribute of citizenship. No privilege is allowed to stand in the way of the police, no sanctity to affect a judicial sentence, no organization to impede the working of the testamentary laws, such as that of mortmain. Here and there, as in the matter of divorce, of priest marriage, and occasionally of burial, the State has been baffled; but it has everywhere asserted in theory its own superior claims, everywhere refused to recognize any but a functional distinction between the layman and the priest. There can be no doubt that the dogma is accepted by all orders of French society, that any open assertion of inequalities in favour of priests would create, especially in the great cities, deep and passionate resentment, yet it is against this cardinal theory that the priesthood is compelled by the law of its being to wage war. It wants privilege, not equality, special control over education, special protection against surveillance — as in Convents — special exemptions from the laws which forbid bequest, corporate ownership of land, and entail. Already Monseigneur of Orleans has announced that M. Duruy has "filled up the measure" of his iniquities, must submit to the Church or go; already the clerics claim openly the monopoly of female education, already Protestant teachers find it nearly impossible to open school. The French, who watch Belgium as if it were a province of France, see that there the priests are openly striving for the control of education, the abolition of mortmain, and the exemption of religious establishments from the law, and they hear from a hundred orators who speak French that the first claim means the universal moulding of their sons into "seminarists;" the second the gradual absorption of all property by the only corporation which never dies, or wastes, or speculates; and the third the creation of an *imperium in imperio*, a territory within which the King's writ does not run. The French insist that such risks shall not be incurred, the Church insist that they shall be sanctioned, and the Emperor, though sympathizing with the nation, dreads the Clericals. The result will be not, perhaps, an alteration of the laws, but an indisposition to put them in force, a series of attacks and recriminations carried on till, as under Charles X., society perceives that

authority has become clerical, in which case, in France, authority invariably goes down. The non-commissioned officers of France, whatever else they may be, are not priests, will not fire on fellow-countrymen to maintain the claims which the priesthood, in the exultation of its victory, is certain to put forward. No doubt the vote of December 5 reveals an unexpected force and vitality in the Catholicism of France, but still the French character in essentials does not change. Cardinal Donnet hardly believes the majority of Frenchmen to be more pious than the King who revoked the Edict of Nantes, and it was that King who established the "Gallican" privileges; or more Catholic than the Legion of Antibes, who almost mutinied when their officers raised the banner of the Crossed Keys. Let the peasantry be as priestridden as they may, they are French, and Napoleon must uphold the authority of the State over the Church, or be despised by every man in France. He has by his final declaration as to Italy reduced his power of upholding it one-half, while doubling the energy and the hopefulness of those who would pluck it down. Napoleon, Emperor of the French, is no longer master of the Catholic Church in France. Even Louis XV. was.

But this is not all. In resolving to retain Rome for ever, annexing Rome, as the French say, without incorporating it, Napoleon breaks with a power as great and as powerful, because as spiritual as the Church, the power which diplomatists have agreed to call "the Revolution." We have no wish to exaggerate the influence of that great party; rather we point habitually to the latent might of the Conservative masses whose dead weight so constantly prohibits change; but it is certain that throughout the Continent, in every country, and among every race, there exists a party, a society, a church, call it what you will, numbering thousands, or scores of thousands, of every rank, language, and degree of ability, brave, devoted, and full, as it seems sometimes to Englishmen, almost to lunacy of the missionary spirit. Their ultimate creed may be briefly summed up as Socialistic Republicanism, but their practical and immediate objects are the establishment of representative as opposed to personal government, and the prohibition, total and absolute, of priestly interference in secular affairs. They penetrate every society of the Continent, they can rely, so long as they do not attack property, on the aid of three powerful classes, the sceptics, the Jews, and the

Americanized Germans; they have the control, not indeed of great masses, but of large numbers of men who will die when commanded—analyze the lists of the wounded and slain at Mentana—and they have the determined aid, with or without sympathy, of the Nationalities. Above all, they have an immense hold on the French cities, in which a population singularly brave, acute, and logical, liable to bursts of enthusiasm for an idea, and trained to a man to arms, having passed through the military mill, find among the "Reds," as they call them, their most daring leaders. Napoleon has broken with them all, has finally and, as it were, deliberately proscribed the two ideas which are to them faiths, faiths for which if they cannot live they can at least die,—that the priesthood is social evil incarnate and incorporate, and that the solidarité of humanity is perfect. Is it not marvellous, O English Squires! that men should die for the solidarité of humanity?—ridiculous, fit only for windy Continentals? Well, the protomartyrs died for it, nevertheless, and these men, resembling them, it may be, in no other quality, will die for it also, do die for it, for that matter, on every insurrectionary battle-field; in the streets of Paris, where Poles have died in dozens; in Warsaw, where Russian after Russian fell on the popular side; at Mentana, where Englishmen and Poles perished side by side. For eighteen years, though hating Napoleon, the Reds have helped his policy because it was directed against Rome and for the Nationalities; have organized insurrections, as in Hungary; have stilled discontent, as in Paris during the first Italian campaign; have fought in direct alliance with him, as in the unhappy Polish rising of 1863, which Earl Russell frustrated. They can ally themselves with Napoleon no more. Henceforth, in every city of France, the leaders of the only party of action, the men whom hot heads follow, the only class in Europe with illimitable hope, and therefore boundless energy, are his deadly foes. They would have pardoned any thing save an attack on a nationality in the interest of a priest, and it is this which M. Rouher has with such "crude bitterness" of phrase now openly proclaimed. It may be, we do not deny it, that the assistance of the priesthood is worth more than theirs, gives Napoleon allies more devoted, and as powerful, and as universally diffused; but to keep the priests' assistance Napoleon must make for the second time "a Roman expedition into the interior of France," and so forfeit the

aid of the power greater than the Revolution, greater than the Church, greater than any thing save an idea, — France itself.

One more change Napoleon has effected by his declaration which may, in its consequences, prove for him the most unfortunate of all. In accepting the policy of M. Thiers he has let loose the passion which French writers call *chauvinisme*, which is to Frenchmen what imperialism is to Englishmen and Americans, an impulse usually latent, now good, now evil, but always, when awake, unconquerable and resistless. The majority of the Chamber openly orders the coercion of Italy, lest she should fetter France. How long, among a logical people, will it be possible to prevent the masses, who see this idea so grand and successful in the South, from applying it also on the Northern side, — from declaring to Germany that she shall "never" advance beyond the Main?

From The Examiner.

FRANCE RETROGRADE.

THIS is the first time, certainly, that an act of Napoleon the Third could be said to be *ab irato*. His boldest resolutions, his most rash adventures, were at least long considered and maturely weighed. The history of even the *coup d'état* shows this. The declaration just flung by his State Minister in the face of the Italians betrays, on the contrary, precipitation and rage. The Imperial mind had certainly never come to such extreme conclusions in his past dealings with Italy or with Rome. The Convention of September did not indicate them. The French Emperor, when he concluded it, certainly reckoned more on the friendship of Italy than upon that of Rome. But all this is altered. The French Government is now the out-and-out ally of the Vatican, and the decided enemy of the Italian Ministry — of any and every possible Italian Ministry. The Emperor denounces them; he shakes off the connexion; he laughs at the consequent breach with the Liberal party in France, which he so long cajoled by pretending that, however altered his domestic administration, his foreign policy was the reverse. This mask has been thrown aside, and Napoleon the Third stands forth as the ally of Austria and the enemy of Italian liberty and independence.

In one part of his speech, indeed, M. Rou-

her professed a respect for Italian unity, and declared his desire to maintain it. But side by side with these declarations came others, from the mouth of the Minister, directly contradicting and counteracting them. In his defence of the past policy of the French Government against the jesuistic diatribes of M. Thiers, M. Rouher said that France could neither oppose nor regret the annexation of the Northern Provinces of Italy to Piedmont. But far different was it with respect to the South. The kingdom of Naples was revolutionized by that unofficial plotter Garibaldi; and Victor Emmanuel was most criminal in taking advantage of Garibaldi's victory, and extending his dominion to the Straits. The Italian monarch ought to have been contented with North Italy — his taking the South was blameable usurpation.

Surely no one can mistake the meaning of such language as this. A more direct appeal to counter-revolution in Italy could not be made. A more insidious hint to the Bourbon party in Naples and Sicily, that France recommends this reaction, this falling off from Italy, and going back to the Bourbons, could not be uttered. As to the arguments by which this was supported, they were perfectly transparent. Victor Emmanuel should not have possessed himself of Naples, because, forsooth, its liberation from the Bourbons was a deed of revolution. Why, what was, and what is, the claim of the Bonapartes, uncle and nephew, to the throne of France? A revolution struck the Bourbons from it, and the Bonapartes came to occupy it. This, according to M. Rouher's theory, was a most naughty and reprehensible act. Victor Emmanuel should not have taken advantage of revolution. He should have left Italy disunited, and respected the Bourbons on the throne, which the French Minister assures us they were about to endow with liberty. If M. Berryer or the ex-Queen of Naples had made such a speech, we might not have been astonished. But that such assertions and such contradictions of all that he ever said, should have fallen from M. Rouher, does appear to us a perfect marvel.

There was a report in Paris that the Emperor was displeased with the length to which M. Rouher had gone, and that he thought his Minister might have stopped short of pronouncing his terrible *jamais, jamais*, that Italy *never* should have Rome. It was said even, that Prince Napoleon had been despatched to Victor Emmanuel at Mouza to explain away this *jamais*. We cannot say that we give credit to this report. Rouher is a man who speaks by book, and

he would not have committed himself beyond his instructions and his warrant. Besides, the recent resignation of Lavalette proves that the entire French Cabinet has taken a resolution to go the whole length for the Pope, which the more liberal members deprecated. Going so far with the Pope implies open enmity to Italy, which must end in war. The French may seek to throw the blame of this on Bourbonists or Mazzinians; but it is they who have provoked both classes of conspirators, and have rendered Victor Emmanuel powerless to contest them.

The immense change that the declaration of the French Minister makes in European relations will occur to every one. It in fact lays down the new position of alliance, and presents France and Austria in antagonism to Prussia and Italy. England, notwithstanding the hesitating policy of its Government and of its Foreign Minister, has already marked its attitude. Within the last month Lord Stanley has made two declarations. One was, that neither he nor England could be expected or called upon to support the Pope's temporal power. This is plain enough. The other declaration came out during the French debate on the Dresden Embassy. Lord Stanley says he hastened to withdraw that embassy, no other Power following his example, in order to give a strong and marked adhesion to the formation of the North German League, under the lead of Prussia. The declaration made its impression at the Tuileries. England, in fact, has drifted into the Prusso-Italian alliance, away from the side of reactionary France. We do not note this for censure, although we think some efforts ought to have been put forth to prevent the back-slide that France has unfortunately made.

But the effect of M. Rouher's declaration upon France itself is far more grave than any of its consequences abroad. The public of Paris and of France is very indifferent to the question agitated. Except some populations of the west and north, the Cathedral and their hangers-on, few care in France whether the Pope sinks or swims. But they entertain a great objection to war, and aught that might cause it; and they dread to see the Emperor give his adhesion to the Ultramontane clergy; for they know this to be the forerunner of revolution. It was this policy that rendered the Bourbons unpopular. Nor was there aught in the conduct of Louis Philippe that brought him into more contempt with the *bourgeoisie* than his abandonment of the cause of Italian freedom, and apparent obsequiousness to the priesthood. Sacerdotalism in France al-

ways leads to revolution, to vain attempts at restoring the men and things of the ancient régime and then to counter-attempt, inevitably successful, to crush out and quiet the whole band of retrogrades, at whatever cost of property and life.

In the debate opened this week in the Chamber of Representatives, on an interpellation respecting the relations of France with Germany, M. Garnier Pages stated what may be considered hereafter a portion of history. He said, that at Biarritz M. Bismarck made offers to the French Emperor of an extension of territory towards the Rhine, if he would at once and candidly join the scheme for Prussian aggrandizement. The Emperor, according to Garnier Pages, neither rejected nor accepted the proposition; he thought it better to keep himself unbiassed, and in a position to interfere at the right time, and secure for France as large an increase of territory as possible. Napoleon the Third saw in perspective a lengthened war of varying fortunes between Austria and Prussia, such as would give him ample time and opportunity to intervene. The consequence was, that the campaign opened and terminated without giving him the power of doing more than rushing in to save the existence of Austria and the name of Saxony. For himself, Napoleon thought better, but the Court of Berlin replied, it is too late; had you accepted our offers we should have executed them — you hesitated and declined; had you accepted them as to part, Germany would not have been unwilling to pay the stipulated price. After Sadowa, Prussia could not ask or induce Germany to make sacrifices to a Power that gave her no help. No answer or denial having been made to this statement, it may henceforth be considered as a portion of history.

One of the questions which every one asks in France, *apropos* of the late debates, is, — What has become of the *Tiers Parti*? The only answer is, it was nowhere. M. Emile Olivier, its chief, made indeed a speech on Monday, marked by his usual talent, and proving sufficiently the change that had taken place in the Imperial councils. It had no effect on the majority. It may arouse M. Thiers to make a second outburst of his anti-Italian spleen. The veteran ex-Minister pursued a singular line of argumentation. He was not, he said, for conquest. He would not even think of taking Belgium, and thereby excite, first European enmity, and then European war. Neither would he quarrel with Prussia for what she had done. All he desired was to reduce Italy to its

former state of division, servitude, and anarchy. And why? That Count Montalembert should preach such a doctrine is intelligible; he prizes the Pope and Catholicism as above all State reasons and human consideration. But M. Thiers is a Voltairian, who would respect the Papacy merely as the means of disintegrating Italy. And why disintegrate Italy, since France does not aim at conquest? France openly declares that it desires no acquisition of territory, is certain of being attacked by no Power and no combination of Powers. All would agree to let her alone. What difference, then, does it make to France that it has a compact Italy or a divided Italy at its door? None, except that in the former case it has a neighbouring State founded on liberal principles and popular choice; in the latter case Italy divided between Austrian and Bourbon princes.

To the superannuated politics of M. Thiers, M. Rouher essayed, but could give no reply. The fact is, M. Thiers and M. Rouher both spoke in Legitimist interests, and obtained Legitimist applause. M. Rouher is Chateaubriand without the admixture of Liberalism; M. Thiers is Polignac, neither more nor less. The historian of the Revolution displays in 1867 the same contempt of Liberal institutions and popular choice as the favourite of Charles the Tenth, and the same obsequiousness to the policy and the prejudices of the priesthood.

From The Saturday Review, Dec. 14.

THE FRENCH CHAMBERS AND ITALY.

IMPORTANT as are the resolutions to which the French Government has come as to its future position towards Italy, they sink into insignificance beside the overwhelming importance of the mode in which these resolutions were arrived at. The EMPEROR, for the first time in his reign, has been the governed, not the governor. The policy which he has undertaken to carry out is not his policy, but the policy of the Chamber and of M. THIERS. He has registered the decrees of those who a little time ago seemed only to exist by his sufferance, and to have no other feeling but a humble gratitude for their existence. His Ministers have been taught what to say, not by him, but by the leader of a Parliamentary majority. The EMPEROR was

inclined to temporize, as usual; to halt between two policies; to be civil to the POPE, but also to be civil to Italy; to play with the priests, but also to play with the democrats. This shifting, vague policy, leaving him in fancy or reality the master of the situation, has been decisively ended by the Chamber. He has been told, in language as plain as language can be, that his policy is all nonsense; that he does not know how to manage the foreign affairs of France; that his notion of being the mysterious, solemn, presiding genius of Europe is ridiculous; and that he must entirely alter his whole manner of going on. He is to state exactly what he is purposing to do — must find out what the Chamber thinks of it, and carry out honestly, scrupulously, and exactly what the Chamber wishes. He is, in fact, very much in the position of one of the numerous Chairmen of English railways who, in these recent days of tribulation, have been brought to task by indignant shareholders. They will no longer stand a system of extravagant branch lines, of scheming with this Company and against that, of wasting endless money and time in concocting schemes to which the Chairman and a few favoured officials alone are privy. They are willing that, for the moment at least, he should go on being Chairman, but he is to hold office under their guidance and supervision, and everything he does is to be properly revealed, audited, and scrutinized. This is a wonderful change for LOUIS NAPOLEON; and what to him must be the most mortifying part of it is that it has been brought upon him, not only by the rising spirit of liberty in France, which he has always been aware he must encounter, but by the conviction that has gradually worked itself into the minds of his people, that he is in a large measure a failure, and that he has not the nerve or the sagacity to lead them rightly. Twice in a single sitting he was made to bow to the dictation of the Chamber. M. DE MOUSTIER expounded his policy in terms as cautious as vague, and as capable of a double meaning as any which he himself could have used. Neither the friends of Rome nor those of ITALY could say that he was committed definitely for or against them. But this would not at all do for the Chamber. Led, animated, and overpowered by M. THIERS, who with wonderful adroitness appealed to the weak side of each class of his supporters, they first forced M. ROUHER to declare explicitly that Italy should never have Rome, and then, pushing him much further, they extorted from him a declaration that

Rome shall be taken to mean the whole existing territory of the POPE.

This, then, is the present most extraordinary position of France towards Italy. France—not the EMPEROR only, but France, speaking through the only public body she has got—has given the POPE a positive and perpetual guarantee of every inch of all the land he now holds. There is no stipulation about reforms, no bargaining for good government in return for protection. Whatever he and his successors may do, however much they may oppose themselves to modern ideas, however striking may be the contrast between the manner in which they govern their subjects and that in which the citizens of neighbouring States, and of France herself, are governed, there they are to be, for all time, under the guarantee of France. And this guarantee is to be no empty, theoretical guarantee. It is to be supported in perpetuity by the presence of French troops. The occupation may, as M. JULES FAYRE says, cost four millions sterling a year; but, in spite of its cost, it is to be maintained. So long as any one threatens—not only in acts, but in words or theory—the integrity of the temporal power up to its present limits, the French flag is to fly in the Pontifical territory. The Government began by suggesting that, when Italy had shown she had come to her senses, she might be again trusted to guard the POPE. But the Chamber would not hear of this. If Italy wants the French to go, she must pay for having what she wishes. She must solemnly declare that she has nothing more to do with Rome than she has with Corsica. She must abandon all claim to regard the Romans as Italians, or to treat Rome as an Italian city, or to object to any number of foreigners being, at the pleasure of the POPE, stationed in the very heart of her own country. Certainly, if she would do this, the French troops might go away, or just a few be left for garrison purposes, and there would be no reason why the French fleet should visit Civita Vecchia oftener than it visits Ajaccio. Rome, and the whole Pontifical territory, will be, under this system, to all intents and purposes a French province. And what if Italy will not consent to abandon her claim, and the Roman question is still supposed at Florence to be a question? Why, then, Italy must look out for herself. No overt act for the destruction of her unity is to be taken, because, as the Government orators said, the unity of Italy is the work of France, and France cannot endure to see her work undone; or

because, as M. THIERS very frankly said, Italy is allied with Prussia, and Prussia would most certainly intervene if the defence of the POPE were turned into open aggression on Italy. But the danger of a French army in her centre is to be always at her door. According to the lively and effective image of M. THIERS, France will not run her sword into Italy; but, if she plants the hilt of her sword in the POPE's territory, Italy very probably will throw herself on the blade. At any rate the Chamber was able to congratulate itself on having got something explicit. The French occupation of the Papal territory is to be perpetual, and is to be so managed that it will be like a sword in the midst of Italy on which the Italians may be expected to throw themselves in their desperation. Nothing plainer than this can be conceived, and scarcely anything less like the end at which the policy of the EMPEROR has been aimed. An open contest between Italy and France has been proclaimed, and the Chamber rang with applause when it was said that for the future the thoughts of France must be turned to Austria as the Power that lies in the midst between the two adversaries of France.

As it is the Chamber, not the EMPEROR, that is thus brought face to face with Italy, it would be very interesting to know the motives which have impelled it to adopt so very decisive a position. That the clerical party has had much to do with it, no one can doubt; and it is as little to be doubted that its influence in the main rests upon the honest, sincere belief, entertained by a large portion of the educated as well as of the uneducated classes of French society, that Catholicism is true, and that to do what the POPE wishes is a religious duty. There are many persons, both in France and in England, to whom the truth is unwelcome—but it is, we believe, a truth—that Catholicism is gaining strength in France. If we look at home we may easily believe this, although everything that has to do with religion in England assumes a milder shape, because, in a country with a tolerably learned clergy closely connected with the State, there never can be that separation between the religious and the irreligious public which obtains in Ultramontane as well as ultra-Protestant countries. But even here we see that religious bodies have a kind of weight and force of their own from their mere organization, and that the habits of organization, and the determination to have an outlet for fervour, are far too strong for the checks which intellectual

truth can impose. Much more is this the case in France, where the priests really constitute a militant force, and where the neutral religious atmosphere and sober-uncertainty of a large part of the governing class of England are not possible. The priests fight for the temporal power as for a symbol of their authority, and an object which they have agreed to think absolutely indispensable to their Church, and the recent vote of the Chamber ought to be set down clearly as a clerical victory. But it was not only a clerical victory. It was also meant as an assertion of a particular line of secular policy. To be at the head of a system of religious propagandism is a source at once of credit and of strength to a great nation; at least this is the opinion of M. THIERS, and apparently of a large section of the Chamber who profess not to be very fond of the POPE and the priests. England sends her missionaries all over the world, said M. THIERS, and Russia enforces the doctrines of the Greek Church throughout her vast dominions with increasing severity; so France, too, must put on her peacock's feather, and be the champion of a creed. Further, there was in the Chamber a burning wish to have its say out against Italy, to reproach her for all her ingratitude to France, to taunt her with coquetting with Prussia, and to let her know that she cannot trifle with the strong Power that has got her in its grasp. And, lastly, there was the weariness of indecision, the longing to have done, at all costs, with the two-faced shilly-shally policy of the EMPEROR, and to proclaim to France and the world that there were still Frenchmen left who had a will, and who knew what they meant and wished. Undoubtedly the internal and external position of the Second Empire has been greatly changed by all this, and the positive guarantee of the Papal territory to which the EMPEROR has now been committed alters his whole relations to Rome and Italy. Still it may be remarked that the action of the Chamber in this instance has been in some degree sudden and spasmodic, and no one can say how long it will dare to persist in its present attitude. If the energy it has shown is dangerous to Italy, it is still more dangerous to the EMPEROR, and the power of the EMPEROR is not extinguished yet. Besides, the Chamber is not France. It omits to represent one whole side of French thought and life, for the democratic element finds scarcely any place in it. If the present storm blows over, the action of France may possibly not be quite so decided as the Chamber has

now resolved it shall be; but, for the immediate future, it is difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the situation in which France has placed Italy and herself by the triumph of M. THIERS.

From The Economist, Dec. 14.

FRANCE AND THE MONEY MARKET.

THE debate upon the Roman question in the French Chamber is of very grave moment. That question is in itself most important. Whether the Italian people are reasonable or unreasonable in wishing to possess Rome is not material; they do wish it, and will wish it for many years. Again, whether Catholics are right or are wrong in valuing so much the temporal power of the Pope is not material; they do so value it, and will so value it for many years. To a practical statesman the present intensity and probable endurance of such sentiments are principal facts to be heeded, whatever may be his own idea about their wisdom. But the French debate upon the subject has a far keener interest, and touches upon the most critical problem of present politics; upon the European topic which may convulse calculations, and which men of business should necessarily watch.

What men of business want to know is, will there be a general war, or will there continue to be a general peace?—and on that subject there has been of late a vast change in a vital element. The position of France in Europe has changed. She is no longer the single predominating power upon the Continent as of late years; she has two new nations on either side of her—Germany and Italy. Together these are now more than a match for her, and in a cause which really touched the German nation, Germany by herself would be at least her equal—perhaps more than her equal. What the Congress of Vienna tried in vain to effect by creating and patching together artificial powers, has been effected by the almost simultaneous rise of two national powers. France has become a balanced and counterpoised power, instead of a supreme and predominant power. At least, such is the general opinion of Europe, and for this purpose opinion is almost as important as fact. The French people see that Europe thinks they have descended in rank; that their monopoly of unity (the source of their strength) is gone and lost; that in

appearance, at least, they are only one of several great States, not the admitted superior of all States. They see, too — and if they did not see of themselves M. Thiers is for ever explaining — that the traditional policy of France — the policy which made it so supreme — is become impossible. France became what she was by dividing her neighbours, — especially by dividing Germany — by taking care to have alliances when she had wars, — by surrounding herself with needful dependents. But now these dependents have vanished, these divisions are over, and these alliances cannot be reframed. *One* Germany and *one* Italy make the *bits* of Germany and the *bits* of Italy which used to adhere to France impossible.

The immense question inevitably comes — Will France endure this change in peace and silence, or will she try to counteract it by the only means by which she can counteract it, — by war? The problem is pressing, too. France cannot but feel that time is against her. Every year of unity will make both Germany and Italy more united and more powerful. Every sensible politician would say to France, "If you are wise you will accept what has happened; you will not run counter to the tendencies of the time; you will not try to destroy what nature and providence have made. But if you *will* be unwise, be unwise *now*. Do not let your rivals grow compact and strong before you strike, but strike hard and quick while they are weak."

The French Emperor might be trusted upon this question. He knows the force of "nationalities;" he introduced the word into orthodox and conventional politics; he learnt its meaning years ago when he saw the hidden and seething elements of Europe, and was himself an outcast and a conspirator. But exactly because it was his policy which created Germany and helped Italy, he has now less than usual power. When M. Thiers reproaches him with having diminished the effective power of France, and with having raised up to her competitors and counterweights, he has no real reply, no reply which the French would like to hear or which he would choose to make. He could truly say, "No doubt the issue of my policy has been bad for France, but it has been good for Europe, and good for the world. It is better that France should be weaker; it is better that other nations should be stronger; a republic of nations is better than an empire with dependencies." But of all men Louis Napo-

leon could not say this, and would lose his throne if he tried to say it.

The exact problem, therefore, is not what will the French Government choose to do, but what will France herself — the irritable, interfering French nation — compel it to do? And upon this the late debate gives strong and painful evidence. The Emperor's Roman policy may have been a wise or unwise policy; but it was, as his usually are, a tentative and uncommitting policy. He knew he was treading on red hot coals, and he tried to tread as lightly as he could. But the French Chamber — seemingly expressing but too clearly the eager feeling of Paris if not France — would not permit a shade of ambiguity. They have compelled the Emperor to say, "Italy shall not gain Rome; on the contrary, she shall not trench upon the existing Papal territory; France will interfere if Italy tries to become more than she is, or to make the Papal power less than it is;" and the language which to please the Chamber the Imperial ministers have been forced to utter is, if possible, more painful to Italy even than its meaning. That the French people at large care deeply for the Pope is not true. There is an Ultramontane party in France as everywhere which cares much, and now it comes to the surface. But what the French care for is their own prestige. Now, the pro-French and the pro-Papal sentiment run together; and, therefore, the latter seems very powerful, but if, as sometimes before, the pride of France had been gratified by humbling the Pope, we should soon see which in France was the more popular passion, an Ultramontane zeal or the national vanity.

That the Emperor should be wise in this matter, and wise in vain, is most characteristic of Imperialism. In its best form, as now in France, it raises apparently to absolute power a man in some respects very wise; it enables him to do what the nation is not wise enough to wish, and to avoid committing blunders which the nation wants to begin. But it is not a *teaching* Government; it does good things for the nation, but it does not show the nation why they are good; it does not state the arguments upon which they rest; it trusts to success for such conviction as it desires. Accordingly, upon a mere turn of the tide, the best Imperial measures may become unpopular; though for fifteen years the French Emperor has supported the principal of nationalities, the French nation cares as little, and knows as little about them as when he began.

But the faults of the French form of government are but a subordinate matter now. The vital consideration is the disposition and tendency of the French nation, and upon that the evidence given by the Roman debate is as bad very nearly as it can be. Men of business — even those who commonly care little for Continental politics — should carefully watch all future signs which may show how France feels. If she *means* to fight for her old place in Europe, — and at present it looks as if she did mean it, — the life of the present generation will be very different and far sadder than that which we had hoped for it.

If war should break out, — not immediately, for we are not now speaking what is to happen to-morrow or next day, but of what seems impending and to happen sometime, — the value of money will tend to rise through Europe. Capital will be wasted in destruction, which should have aided commerce in distribution and production. And much worse than a mere rise in the rate of interest is that disheartening uncertainty necessarily caused by the unrest and dissatisfaction of a warlike and central nation, which is an impediment in every kind of business, and disinclines all wise merchants to connect themselves with undertakings lasting over a considerable period, and depending for their profit upon a continued peace.

From The Spectator, Dec. 14.

A BROTHERHOOD OF MISERY.

ALMOST any great idea, certainly any great true idea, probably any great false idea, is stronger than any human organization. The idea of the unity of the Godhead has influenced the fate of mankind more than any priesthood; the idea of patriotism has done more to preserve the life of nations than any conscriptions or any army; the idea of duty has produced more work than the whole body of Roman law. At this moment, if every adult in Great Britain honestly accepted the dogma, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" as divine, all pauperism, five-sixths of all crime, all expenditure on police, judges, courts, and garrisons would instantly cease out of the island; churches would be useful only to elevate, and the nation could devote its whole mental energy to improve, instead of restraining, its impulses and aspirations. So far we differ utterly with many philanthropists, who

argue that every discussion not directly practical is useless; that the idea of Christian unity, for example, is not worth thinking out unless it cleans St. Giles. But, nevertheless, we know well that until ideas have obtained their full power over men organization is indispensable, and we not only second the suggestion our correspondent "H. F." offered last week, — that all Christians might unite to attack the squalor of St. Giles, but we would carry it considerably further. We are quite aware of the extraordinary prejudice such propositions sometimes excite, but we have never been able to make out why English Protestants should so determinately refuse to learn of the Church of Rome to form organizations for benevolent purposes, such as she once formed for war. In the name of all that is practical, why is it impracticable to form in a city like this an Order of Hospitalers, a Brotherhood of Misery, a Society of St. Homobonus, a volunteer regiment, if you like it better, of men who have declared war on London misery, and who organize themselves as strictly and enforce obedience as sternly as they would if they were fighting any other enemy? We can establish Companies for every other purpose, from extinguishing fires or defending England to discounting risky bills; why can we not form a new Company of Jesus, with a strong organization, to carry relief, guidance, and civilization among our wretched populations? We need not, we suppose, descant on the need which exists for such an institution. There is not one of all us West Londoners who is not occasionally panicstruck by the spectacle East London from time to time presents, bewildered with the multiplicity of its miseries, amazed at the apparent absence of any chain strong enough to keep society together. At the same time, everywhere there is a visible dislocation, a break in the links between the suffering and the sympathizers. Men die silently of hunger while multitudes as numerous as their own stand ready to relieve them, crowds drift into vice from sheer ignorance, thousands perish of diseases preventable by a dozen acceptable words of guidance. At this moment there are hundreds of men in London with the enthusiasm of humanity strong on them, with a burning desire to "do something," if only they knew how, and if they were not so isolated one from another, who yet do nothing, or worse, from want of visible work on which to expend their energies, while behind them stand owners of millions, asking only almoners, ready, if they can but see their way, to fill the Treas-

ury of Mercy up to the lip. Why, we repeat, with such misery and such means, should we let this anarchy reign, when it might be reduced? Confine the experiment at first to those who have means sufficient to give their whole time to it, and let the world at least see why it must fail. Let a hundred or a thousand of such men, if we can get them, unite and form a society, a Brotherhood of Misery, devoted specially to the relief or amelioration of London misery in all its forms, whether arising from destitution, ignorance, or vice, and money will rain in on them in streams. Such a society must have a name that the poor can understand, or its object will not be appreciated; its members, to be thoroughly efficient, ought to bind themselves for some term, if it be only three months; they ought to agree to obey orders, at least as far as missionaries do, so that their leaders could put a veto upon crotchets; and it would be wise to use some badge or dress which, when their object was once known, would protect them in any part of London from insult or misrepresentation. Gradually they would be reinforced by numbers who could not give their whole time, and ultimately by a paid agency, as ubiquitous, as useful, and as well organized as the clergy or the medical profession. The Brotherhood should be open to all sects, all grades, and all races represented in London; be governed by a single leader — committees talk too much — and employ every accessible agency, from the press to the police, to the single end — the war with London misery, should realize, in fact, M. Ozanam's dream when he founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, furnish the missing link between London heathendom and London Christianity.

But we shall be told, — Archbishop Manning and Mr. Somerset Saunderson would equally tell us — no such society can be founded except on the basis of a common faith. That is true, but there is the faith. From the Catholic to the Comtist, amidst such a jar and war of sectarian squabbling as deafens alike the Christian and the sceptic, one strong faith makes itself manifest among the people, that it is the duty of civilized man to cure what he individually can of the suffering round him, to reduce the vast sum of human misery, if it be only giving little children a weekly meal, or half-bribing, half-coaxing ragged urchins to learn their A B C. Nobody disputes that; thousands are fanatics for that. The Catholics declare that the State in making alms a right refuses one of the highest of Christian privileges; High-Church clergy are break-

ing their hearts and expending their incomes in an incessant struggle with dirt, disease, and ignorance; Evangelicals are maintaining half, or more than half, of the institutions which reach the very poor; the sceptics are urging Poor Law reform, investigating abuses, preaching new rights; there is not a creed in England which is not agreed upon this work, which has not a distinct and earnest faith in charity. Why should they lose the immense additional strength to be derived from union and organization? Each member, of course, if he teaches, must teach his own creed, whether it be the Gospel according to Calvin, or the Gospel according to Comte; but that is no reason he should not help his neighbour to save honest men in Poplar from dying of hunger, or to pull down rookeries, or to found night schools for the hangers-on of the dockyards, or to find Magdalens a refuge, or to settle quarrels between employers and workmen, or to give that information as to emigration and kindred subjects which the poor find it so hard to obtain. Men of the most diverse faiths work thus among Pagans, why not among our own people? — missionaries from the rich to the poor, envoys from ease to toil, "hot gossellers" of civilization, industry, and patience. Let but a thousand Londoners display the unselfishness, the courage, and the resolve displayed by the men who flocked from all Europe to Mentana on either side, and across the social chasm which threatens to engulf us all there would be thrown a bridge over which men could freely pass.

From The Saturday Review.

MENTAL GROWTH.

THE intention of Dr. Newman's return to Oxford as a Roman Catholic priest appears to have been abandoned; and of course rigorous Protestants cannot be supposed to regret that the rising generation at Oxford is not to be exposed to the temptations of a seductive Catholic theologian, however noble and self-devoted he may be. But the mere rumour of his reappearance on the scenes of his earlier life was one which must have interested many Oxford men. There was a time when Dr. Newman's influence at Oxford was great indeed — a source of life and revival in a dormant centre of education. It has left traces of itself behind in many ways, and though the special religious phase

of which he was so distinguished a leader may have disappeared, or nearly disappeared from the University, still the movement to which he gave his name was the precursor and the direct cause of other movements more permanent than itself. His return to Oxford would have been in some respects a curious sight to see. Oxford has changed in the interval. Many of those who were touched by his influence have since moved into spheres of thought where he himself could not follow them, and hold very different opinions from any which he ever knew. The *rapprochement* between the stationary master and his progressive followers would have been singular. And yet in daily life such spectacles are often seen. Dismissing altogether Dr. Newman and the train of ideas to which his reappearance at Oxford might have given rise, and passing to the wider subject of mental growth in general, how often have we not all of us watched with curiosity the after intercourse of pupils and masters who have drifted apart from one another! When it is the disciple's mind that has grown, and the teacher and guide who has been motionless, the sight is peculiarly instructive. Teachers often repine at the poverty of the results of their teaching. Their flowers bear no fruit. Their fastest educational expresses come to a dead standstill as soon as a University course is over, and sink back into sloth and inactivity. But there is another side to the relation of teacher and taught. It is not uncommon for the pupil who moves away into life from the side of a revered master to come back after years of absence, and to discover, much to his disappointment, that the man to whom he owes his own principle of energy has been standing still ever since, while the world has been advancing. The teacher has been passed by his pupil, and is scarcely any longer even in sight; and the pupil, middle-aged and unenthusiastic, wonders perhaps what it was in the old instruction he received that produced a sort of revolution in his mind, and opened up new worlds to him at once. The speculations that struck him as so pregnant with interest now seem dead and dull, and even obsolete. The way of solving difficult problems that in old time fascinated and satisfied him appears, after the interval, to be based on no logical grounds, to be unstable, uncertain, and ephemeral. He feels like a son who has distanced his father, and got to the top of the hill first. There is, of course, a great deal of the old authority and influence which a wise teacher would neither wish nor expect to keep, any more than a parent would

desire to retain his children in the condition of perpetual minority and tutelage. Yet the transition from the position of follower, or admirer, to that of independent critic and candid friend is one a little painful while it is being made. The true consolation for it all is to reflect how small a part it is of the mission of any great thinker to produce a "school." His real glory is to give an impulse to intellectual growth, to stimulate individual progress, and to turn out men from his nursery who soon become too powerful to continue the votaries of any school at all. There are some of his disciples who go on remaining his disciples to the very end of their lives. It is not by such intellectual infants that his success is to be judged. The prophet who is always surrounded by the same group of confiding creatures may make pretty sure of one thing, and that is, that his pupils will never set the Thames on fire. Intellectuals of the highest and most genial order know that it is not inside any charmed apostolic circle that they must look for the fruits of their labours, but among the number of those outside who often differ from, occasionally neglect, often perhaps outstrip, their master. Diotima taught a greater person than herself in Socrates; and Socrates was in his turn a kind of Diotima to minds more complete and comprehensive than his own. Sensible and grateful people very soon will make up their minds to recognise the fact that an old master is not the less their benefactor because their minds have long ceased to work in the same groove as his. He may appear to have been reactionary or motionless ever since, but this does not rob him of the merit of having been the cause of life and movement in others.

If mental growth raises up this barrier between a man's present and his past, and makes it difficult for him to go back afterwards and sit at anybody's feet, the question remains, how much is usually left at all of the old influence from which he has partially extricated himself, and in what shape does it survive? The quantity and quality of the residuum vary, of course, in individual cases. There is every shade of variety, beginning with the æsthetic person who goes on fondling and pretending to delight in his extinct opinions, down to the complete iconoclast, who smashes all his own painted windows one after another. But if we are to take the broad instances of the run of people who, as they advance in years, cut loose from them several or all of the positive convictions or opinions with which they started — a class whose number must necessarily be

large—it is quite plain that there is a good deal left which clings to them tenaciously, even if it is difficult to define it. This relic of their old selves is more like an aroma than a solid substance. We all know by experience how strong it is—something about as strong as and no stronger than an old, irrational, but warm friendship. It is quite true that we have contracted new habits of thought, and have attained to new lights. What we believed when we were at Gamaliel's feet we believe no longer; but the scent and perfume of our former views hangs heavily about our persons, and is felt at once by our acquaintances when we enter their company. Great mental development or change does not instantaneously correct all our character or all our ideas. Perhaps, with respect to some of the most important subjects that interest us, we get a fresh method or a new clue, which alters our relation to them entirely and at once. There are, however, invariably a mass of smaller fancies, habits, tastes, and opinions within our minds which submit more slowly and irregularly to the new heaven. The process of conversion is gradual, not immediate; partial, not universal; superficial, not vertical. It is the lot of human nature that it can only think out a certain number of questions at a time; and meanwhile, in the background, are heaped up a vast medley of minor matters which we leave in their old condition, and about which we go on tacitly accepting the truth of our former conceptions. When men and women give up one standard of truth for another, and begin to walk by improved lights, they do not at once go off and set all their house and every room in it in order, or sweep up every possible cobweb in every remote corner. They modify their way of looking at great things; their way of looking at little things remains. It is thus in politics, philosophy, and theology alike, that all of us, with scarcely an exception, serve in reality two masters, and belong to two *regimes*. The old and new Adam co-exist in us. Reluctant proselytes of the new, we are affectionate deserters from the old; and we partially live in the pleasant shade of old influences. The fact is, that it is impossible to say that the mind of any human being is fitted and furnished on logical principles. It is rather a sort of lumber room or bazaar, which contains a good deal in apple-pie order, but a good deal that has been tumbled in loosely in a heap. Men think inconsistently enough up to the time when their attention is forcibly drawn to the inconsistency; and then per-

haps, if we are active and honest, we set slowly and methodically to work to repair the incongruity, and to make our opinions dovetail into one another. To the very end of our career there are certain ways of thinking which we cannot make dovetail decently, do what we will with them. It is in vain for us who have crossed the Rubicon to pretend to be converts. There is a quaint cut about our intellectual clothes to the last; and though we profess to have cast away the tradition in which we were trained, every now and then "our speech bewrayeth us." Lord Macaulay was scarcely perhaps an Evangelical, but the flavour of Clapham occasionally comes wafted over the page, even in his keenest assaults on intolerance and bigotry. Napoleon III. will not, even in his decadence, become so completely an Ultramontanist as never to emit heretical sparks of interest in the liberal movements of the Continent. Mr. Gladstone to the last, whatever his politics, will smack of Oxford; and, even if he fell a victim to Strauss or Renan, would probably make an irregular and fitful sceptic at the best.

This kind of unconscious sympathy with the ideas that once ruled supreme over us resembles, in some degree, the instinctive affection with which, wherever or whatever he may be, a man regards the name of his old school or college. Even boys who have been kicked from first to last at Eton go on till they are gray maintaining that there is no place like it. Their opinion on the subject of classical education may be revolutionary or conservative, they may be reformers or anti-reformers about Latin verses and modern science, but to the end of their lives they never can bear to listen to a word in disparagement of the most perfect of all earthly institutions. What Eton boys feel about Eton most men feel about their old Gamaliels, and about the hot-house—political, philosophical, or religious—in which they were reared. Long after they have ceased to be of the same mind as formerly they still go on liking the ways of their first school better than the ways of any other. They grow very angry if a single word is said in its dispraise. They are not any longer disciples; they see all the errors, or perhaps absurdities, in the system; but yet they have a sort of inclination in their inmost hearts to take anybody who speaks disrespectfully of the system by the throat. The feeling is not irrational. There are some people who are irritated at the recollection of the sweet and wasteful illusions of their youth, and who

regard every past "phase" that ended in air as so much life and opportunity lost. And lost, to a certain extent, it is. Had it not been thus, but thus, had we read first what we came to last, and never read half the books we did read at all, our course would have been more compendious. But, on the whole, the wisest people will least regret the time spent under the shadow of once favourite ideas. There may be something of affectionate superstition in our attachment to them, but there is also a just gratitude, and a sensible and sound conviction that—education being a "maieutic" process—we are as much the debtors of those benefactors who set our minds rolling as if they had presented us with truth ready made, and packed like Fortnum and Mason's preserved meats.

Nearly as lasting as our old sympathies are our old antipathies. *Manet etiam in renatis hæc naturæ infectio.* Even if we have in the process of long time drifted round to the side, and anchored in the middle of the antagonists we once disliked and despised, we cannot bring ourselves to like them. Their thoughts may have become our thoughts, but their ways are not like our ways. The bitterness of past discussion and rivalry counts possibly for something in this feeling. But there is something more substantial at the bottom of it. The real account of the thing is that similarity of convictions does not constitute similarity of mind. It is not because two travellers halt together for a night under a common roof, that they become at once fellow-travellers or friends. The divergence of the direction from which we have come makes quite as wide a gulph between man and man as any divergence between the directions in which we are going. Fellow-pilgrims, to be really sympathetic, must have started from the same starting point, not merely have set their faces towards one and the same holy city. "A sea rolls between us," says the poet, "our separate Past." And part and parcel of ourselves and of our past are our former likes, and still more, our former dislikes. This fidelity to old antipathies is one of the most remarkable features in what one may term mental growth. The force of old associations is stronger than the force of recent logic and conviction; and long after we have given up thinking anything, we go on feeling as if we thought it. Affections and instincts are more permanent than opinions. We learn new truths quicker than we cast off the charm of old errors, and our minds move faster than our hearts.

From The Saturday Review.

MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS.—
VOL. III.*

MR. MOTLEY, as his title-page will show, has somewhat changed the plan of his work. His original intention was to confine himself to Netherland history—so far as in such a period it is possible for an historian to confine himself to the history of any particular country—and to carry his subject down to the Synod of Dort. He now stops at the Truce of 1609, when, as he says, "the Republic was formally admitted into the family of nations and its independence was virtually admitted by Spain." But he intends to continue his subject on a wider scale in the shape of a History of the Thirty Years' War, "with which the renewed conflict between the Dutch Commonwealth and the Spanish Monarchy was blended." This will bring him down to 1648, when the Peace of Westphalia brought with it the formal acknowledgment of the Netherland Confederation, and of the Swiss Confederation too, as separate States distinct from the Empire. We are glad to hear that Mr. Motley is already engaged on such a work. We are not aware of any English History of the Thirty Years' War at all worthy of the subject. And it is a subject with which Mr. Motley is in many respects well suited to deal. But on the other hand he must learn somewhat more thoroughly to check his ardent partisanship. Mr. Motley is by no means an unfair writer; but he is distinctly a partisan writer. He writes throughout as an ardent supporter of one side. And in the period through which he has as yet gone this partisanship is neither wonderful nor blame-worthy. In the struggle between Philip and the Netherlands it is impossible not to take a side. Philip is so clearly in the wrong, and the Netherlanders are so clearly in the right, that it is impossible not to take one's side unreservedly. And in the present stage of the war one does it even more unreservedly than at some earlier times. The armies of the Republic, under Maurice of Nassau, are now wholly free from those abominable cruelties with which some of the first deliverers returned the cruelties of the Spaniards. But in the German struggle we cannot take a side so unreservedly. No doubt the balance lies, on the whole, strongly in favour of the Northern

* *History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609.* By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1867.

or Protestant side. But it has considerable drawbacks. Europe was indeed saved from the dominion of the House of Austria. But it was only at the expense of giving some very dangerous advantages to the House of Bourbon. Elsass surrendered to the dominion of Paris is very far from a pleasant sight. The Protestant religion in Germany was saved, but one can hardly say that religious freedom gained; the Protestantism which won the day was, after all, a rather dull, unprogressive, prince-ridden sort of Protestantism, whose chief merit is to have done less damage to its material churches than any other form of Western Christianity. The Empire was weakened, but not in the interest of any better form of German nationality, unity, or freedom. What the Emperor lost the local princes gained, and became greater despots than ever. Even Gustavus Adolphus, hero as he undoubtedly is, is not a hero after the pattern of William the Silent. Mr. Motley will doubtless learn, in dealing with such a period, to weigh the balance between opposite sides in a way in which he has not been called upon to do it as yet. But he will do well to make himself ready for the necessity beforehand.

The reputation of Mr. Motley has been already made by his earlier volumes, and it is almost needless to say that the two volumes before us, the former of which we propose to examine at present, form a work of sterling merit. As compared with his countryman and predecessor Mr. Prescott, we may say in short that Mr. Motley as far surpasses Mr. Prescott in power as he falls below him in taste. Mr. Motley's matter has been good from the beginning. His manner is even now far from being equal to his matter, but it has been steadily improving. In the present instalment his style is far too often excited and sarcastic; he descends too often to small jokes and allusions; but there is nothing like the wild extravagance of many parts of his earlier volumes. He has better learned what true eloquence is, and there are several passages in the volume before us which may fairly lay claim to that name. Still he would do well even now to rein himself in on some points, and specially to restrain that love of talking about the devil, the devil's work, and so forth, which he shares with Mr. Froude.

The present volume opens immediately after the assassination of Henry the Third of France in 1589. It should, one would have thought, have ended with the death of Philip in 1598. It is probably on physical grounds that two chapters are added,

one on the commercial enterprises of the Hollanders, which may fairly pass as an Appendix, while the other, by carrying on the main history a little later, decidedly spoils the symmetry of the division. Mr. Motley's chapters are short; he has luckily given up his old fashion of giving them sensation headings; indeed he has gone a little too far into the other extreme by giving no descriptive headings at all. And it is certainly a deficiency in a work of this class that there is no sort of marginal analysis beyond a few dates.

The Netherland history at this time is so closely connected with the general history of Europe that the present volume carries us over a very wide field. Spain appears as the great enemy, England as the chief ally; the western parts of Germany are themselves a part of the field of battle; and as for France, the historian of the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands can hardly help writing a history of France by the way. Philip, we need hardly say, is the villain of the piece. Elizabeth and Henry of Navarre are allies, such as they are; Elizabeth not designedly treacherous, but inconstant, imperious, parsimonious, while Henry was certainly always ready to play a double game and to forsake his allies at any moment. Alexander of Parma continues during the former part of the volume to be the most dangerous opponent of the cause of which he was almost worthy to have been the champion. But the hero of the book is Maurice of Nassau, the creator of the States' army, the scientific soldier, the Poliorcetes in the cause of freedom. He occupies the most conspicuous place, but behind him stands the statesman John of Olden-Barneveld. As yet military and diplomatic affairs stand completely in the foreground, and the volume does not contain much strictly constitutional matter. But we come almost incidentally across the change which gave the United Provinces their final constitution, if it can be called a constitution at all. The State Council, brought into discredit through its connection with Leicester, dies out as it were, and with it the only approach to a real Federal Executive. The States-General and the Provincial States too were merely assemblies of delegates; the real sovereignty, the real power, lay in the Town-Councils, and the Town-Councils were self-elective. The Confederation was in truth a loose collection of municipal oligarchies. It is a wonderful thing, not that the system became corrupt and unpopular, but that it lasted so long and did such

great things as it did. The few years embraced in the present volume are perhaps its best period. The hopelessness of any terms with Philip is now fully understood, and the notion of seeking a prince elsewhere has been cast aside. The Provinces have become a republic almost by accident, but by this time men have become attached to republican forms, while the vices of their own particular form of republic have not yet shown themselves. The nation is thoroughly patriotic in the face of the enemy, and it now has a really great soldier to lead its armies to victory. The campaigns and sieges of Maurice, the campaigns of Alexander of Parma in France, the death of Alexander, the death and character of Philip and the character of his reign, are all striking subjects to which Mr. Motley does full justice. All are brought out with great vigour and clearness, and with that strong sense of right and wrong which always distinguishes Mr. Motley. The diplomatic disputes which fill up so large a space are as wearisome and unprofitable as diplomatic disputes commonly are. Still they are essentially part of the story. Without them we should not fully understand the difficulties with which the republic had to struggle, or the character of the enemies which he finds. But we must remember again that Mr. Motley is writing wholly from the side of the Provinces. Nothing can justify the deceitful character of Henry's policy; still the main duty of a King of France is clearly towards France, and not towards Holland. One can hardly be surprised at Henry for not refusing to conclude a most advantageous peace with Spain because it involved the throwing adrift of his republican allies.

The most striking things in the volume are probably the descriptions of the death and character of Philip and of the condition of Spain under his rule. The picture is an awful one, and it is drawn by Mr. Motley with a pencil fully worthy of the subject. We see the elaborate system of misgovernment by which so magnificent a dominion, the ruling race of which was a people endowed with many most noble qualities, was brought to the state from which it has never since recovered. And we are not inclined to dispute Mr. Motley's estimate of the results of Philip's personal character. Few men have inflicted more unmingled evil on mankind. And Philip inflicted evil in a way which deprives his tyranny of that false halo of personal glory which blinds men's eyes to the crimes of many other tyrants. Since Philip the men who have

done most mischief in the world have been Louis the Fourteenth and the elder Buonaparte. But there is, in different ways, a false brilliancy about both of them, which takes off from the real blackness of their careers. In Philip there is nothing of the kind. In him we are not dazzled either by the magnificence of Louis or by the military genius of Buonaparte. Philip is simply, as Mr. Motley is so fond of describing him, a hard-working clerk, sitting for ever at his desk, and from that desk doing as much mischief in the world as if he had set forth in the personal character of a Scourge of God. We are far from pulling down Justinian to the level of Philip, but there is in this respect a likeness between the two. Both Justinian and Philip were constantly at war, but both of them in the same way carried on their wars from the interior of their cabinets. And both of them undoubtedly waged war for a principle. Here we, to a certain extent, part company with Mr. Motley. There is no kind of doubt that Philip conscientiously believed that, in all his crimes, he was doing God service. His principle is a very simple one. The Catholic King was bound to the support of the Catholic religion and the royal authority. And he was bound to support them at all hazards and by any means. Crimes committed in the cause of either became virtues. Does this excuse Philip? We will take Mr. Motley's own illustration:—

Certainly he looked upon his mission with seriousness, and was industrious in performing his royal functions. But this earnestness and seriousness were, in truth, his darkest vices; for the most frivolous voluptuary that ever wore a crown would never have compassed a thousandth part of the evil which was Philip's life-work. It was because he was a believer in himself, and in what he called his religion, that he was enabled to perpetrate such a long catalogue of crimes. When an humble malefactor is brought before an ordinary court of justice, it is not often, in any age or country, that he escapes the pillory or the gallows because, from his own point of view, his actions, instead of being criminal, have been commendable, and because the multitude and continuity of his offences prove him to have been sincere. And because anointed monarchs are amenable to no human tribunal, save to that terrible assize which the People, bursting its chain from time to time in the course of the ages, sets up for the trial of its oppressors, and which is called Revolution, it is the more important for the great interests of humanity that before the judgment seat of History a crown should be no protection to its wearer. There is no plea to the jurisdiction of history, if history be true to itself.

It is perfectly right, as Mr. Motley says, that a humble malefactor should not escape from human justice because, in his own belief, his actions are praiseworthy. Society would at once cease to be if such a defence could be admitted. But such a defence makes a great difference in the moral estimate which we make of the man personally. The Fenians at Manchester were most legally and most righteously hanged, but it would be a great mistake to place them morally on the same level as the Alton murderer. So with Philip. He is the greatest example the world ever saw of the evil which may come of a man's acting on a false principle. But it confounds all one's moral notions to place him personally on a level with men who act absolutely without principle. Philip did more mischief in the world than William Rufus; probably he did more than William Rufus would have done had he reigned for as long a time over as great a dominion. But he was not a criminal in the same sense as William Rufus. Mr. Motley says that Philip had no virtues, and doubts whether he did not unite all vices. This is wiping out the fine lines of the picture which Mr. Motley has elsewhere very successfully drawn. Look at Philip's end. Anybody can go through the mere ceremonies of devotion at the last moment. But Philip, by Mr. Motley's own account, bore the agonies of a lingering and frightful disease with unruffled patience, and showed at every moment the most thoughtful and kindly consideration for every one about him. We distinctly assert that a man who did this was not devoid of all virtues. He repented and confessed; we may suppose that he repented of his adultery with the wife of Ray Gomez; we may be quite certain that he did not repent of his massacres and persecutions. Yet he could say, when he had no motive for lying, that he had never injured any one. Philip, in short, is a gigantic example of self-deception. Self-deception is no bar to human punishment, whether the ordinary punishment of the law in the case of smaller offenders, or that "terrible assize" of which Mr. Motley speaks in the case of Kings. But a man like Philip, acting throughout life conscientiously on a false principle, is a great moral study of human nature, and the points for such study must not be blurred out by confounding him either with vulgar hypocrites or with vulgar ruffians.

Alexander Farnese, again, was one of Philip's instruments in carrying out his evil purposes, and one especially who never shrank from any kind of diplomatic false-

hood. But he was very different from the vulgar herd of Spanish commanders, not merely in his brilliant generalship, but in the comparatively merciful way in which he carried on war, and in his constant loyalty, under many temptations, towards an ungrateful and suspicious master. In fact a mere brutal ruffian cannot be a really great general. To be such requires moral as well as intellectual qualities. But Mr. Motley appreciates the great Duke of Parma far better than he appreciates Philip.

The volume leaves the obedient Netherlands under the sovereignty of the Archdukes to whom it had been resigned by Philip. These are Philip's daughter, the Infanta Isabella, and her husband Albert, Archduke of Austria, who, like Cæsar Borgia, had been converted from a Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo into a secular prince.

We will end for the present with Mr. Motley's description of one of the most horrible of the martyrdoms of Philip's reign. The victim was Anna van den Hove, a servant-maid at Antwerp, who suffered at Brussels in 1597:—

When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith, of which he was the political embodiment and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour undid the work of half a life-time. Thus expeditiously could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she too talked of a crown, and saw it descending from Heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the Pope, or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interfered with no one who thought differently; she quarrelled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him, if she were in error, and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death. So Anna van den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers.

Those holy men goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's carrion, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, and thus save her life and escape eternal damnation beside. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field, they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.

From The Saturday Review.

FENELON'S MYSTICISM.*

MYSTICISM, like metaphysics, is a word with a core of substantial meaning, but with an envelope of nebulous praise or dispraise which has little or none. Something of the same kind bids fair to befall the antagonist word "positive" when it is a little older. "Mystical" stands conveniently for something at once grand and hazy, whether we mean, in thus qualifying what we speak of, to express reverential admiration or a contemptuous sneer. It is a word pretty sure to occur in describing Buddhism and other Oriental schools, or Plato, or the Alexandrians, whether Jewish, New Platonist, or Christian; or the method of allegorical interpretation, or the devotional writers of the middle and modern ages, from the writers of the school of St. Victor and Tauler to St. Theresa. Unsympathizing critics would fix the name of mystical on Hooker's description of man's aspiration after good "beyond the reach of sense; yea somewhat above capacity of reason which the mind with hidden exultation rather surmiseth than conceiveth;" or on M. Guizot's account, lately quoted in our columns, of the obstinate faith of the beaten "party of good sense and moral feeling" in the power of truth, honesty, and justice; or on arguments for the truths of natural religion, based on men's moral sentiments and ideals, which, if not constant and universal, are indestructible as facts, and are allied to what is greatest and noblest in their nature. The

epithet mystical, applied in such cases, is understood to be a sort of broom which sweeps away cobwebs and saves time; but so vague and so imposing is it, that what was intended by one party as a sarcasm would sometimes be heartily accepted by the other as a compliment. It is a word of which, in spite of its convenience, a careful writer will be shy, for it is one of those words which, as commonly used, eminently contain a concentrated *petitio principii*. And it has, moreover, a meaning of its own. M. Matter employs it in its proper and definite sense; as a special system of doctrine treating of the relations of the soul to God, and a method, distinct from, and even opposed to, the intellectual processes of ordinary theology, for attaining direct knowledge of Him and union with Him.

From the time when men's thoughts began to be turned in upon themselves, there has been mysticism in some shape; and mystical theology is an acknowledged and large department of the Christian science of divine things. For, supposing religion to be true, and to be conversant with the highest possible objects of thought, love, and hope—objects too great for man's intellect to master, but open to and inviting all his affections—it is natural that this amazing unseen world of goodness and beauty should call forth corresponding sympathies and efforts in proportion to the capacities to which it is presented, and should become a centre of the most attractive interest. If religion is real at all, its objects have a right to exercise the most powerful influence on the affections; and this influence, like every thing else, may be studied and variously directed. There is nothing far-fetched or unnatural in this; it is in strict analogy with what we are accustomed to in poetry, or art, or in the exercise of the affections among ourselves. A great poet sees the world of feeling, thought, and action, a great painter sees the world of nature, with different eyes from ordinary men; and a great critic is able, by a direct insight denied to others, to see what the poet or painter saw, and to interpret and establish its truth by reasons, manifest and convincing when stated, but which had escaped duller minds, and perhaps required trained minds to feel their force. The family and social affections are common to mankind at large, and their objects in a general sense are the same; but we all know how infinitely different, in depth, in richness, in refinement, in purity, in strength, in the delicacy of their shades, in the play and vigour and variety of their exercise, are these affections

* *Le Mysticisme en France au temps de Fenelon.*
Par M. Matter. Paris: Didier.

in different characters, and how great is the interval between their extremes of rude and of high development. If the affections are to find objects at all in religion, their exercise, which will certainly be often slack and dull, must also be expected to be in other cases energetic, intense, absorbing; and this exercise must always come near to what both friends and enemies call mysticism. Its degrees are necessarily infinite. But any one who disbelieved in the possibility or the fitness of the affections being really directed to the unseen world would find mysticism in the Psalms and St. Paul, in Dante and Wordsworth, in Hooker and Bishop Butler; and, from his point of view, fairly. In all religious writing in which the affections come in, there must be, if it is real, an element more or less of what must bear the name of mysticism. It is simply the same thing as saying that there cannot be poetry without feeling, or art without insight, or affection and friendship without warmth of heart.

But as there are false poetry and false art, and extravagant and false affections, so there is a false and mistaken direction, as well as a true and right one, of the religious affections; and it seems hardly saying too much to affirm that the mischief done to religion and to human society by the misdirection of the religious affections is, as far as we can see, out of all proportion greater than that done by intellectual error, and by the divisions created by what has been deemed intellectual error. Perhaps it is only to be paralleled in the mischief done by misdirected social affections. Intellectual error at least does not directly sap men's strength; and often, in the earnest conflict to which it leads, it provokes the force which is to overthrow it or keep it in check. But the disasters following on the misdirection of the religious affections have been of a more fatal nature. They include not merely all the train of evils attending on what is forced, unreal, and hollow, but the irreparable exhaustion, and weakness, and failure of tone, which succeeds the fever of minds wound up to overstrained states of exaltation; the credulity, the mad self-conceit, and the perverse crookedness which never can be cured; and in opponents and lookers-on, influenced by the reaction of disgust, the scepticism, the hardness, and the mocking and cruel temper, which the sight of folly, and possibly selfishness, clothing themselves with the most august claims and taking the holiest names in vain, must inevitably call forth and confirm.

Fénelon has had a bad name in connex-

ion with one of these forms of misdirection of the religious affections. He was accused and condemned in his own day for complicity, at the least, with false and mischievous mysticism. M. Matter's object is to point out distinctly the true state of the case before a tribunal in which, if it has its own prejudices, the passions are gone to sleep which were so active and so imperious in Fénelon's own day; and to show how far he is fairly chargeable with what Bossuet so fiercely imputed to him, and how far his own defence, though it did not avail him at Rome, is available. He is favourable to Fénelon; but he is an honest and temperate advocate. An English reader is tempted to mark what seems to him two faults. There is, it appears to foreigners, an occasional slovenliness or obscurity in M. Matter's language which we do not look for in modern French; and, except to those who have special knowledge of the time, he is not unlikely to seem prolix and over-minute, as he is sometimes wanting in arrangement, and fails to see where the subject demands, not allusion and suggestion, but direct statement and proof by reference to facts and dates. But his book strikes us as one which, though it need not have been so lengthy, and has defects of plan and faults of taste, well repays the trouble of reading it. A more skilful writer would have spared his reader some of the trouble. But the story which it tells is full of deep interest, in many of its passages extremely curious, in its general course and upshot not the least sad and touching of the tragic episodes which marked the religious history of Louis XIV.'s reign. It comes out in M. Matter's pages almost with the unity and effect of a novel. He is perfectly guiltless of having any such purpose in his mind. But he has intelligence and delicacy in catching the true combinations of qualities in the chief persons concerned, and their relations to one another; and the facts themselves, illustrated by the language of contemporary letters, do the rest.

The work is really a life of Fénelon as it was affected by the question of mysticism; the life of a churchman, with every thing fortunate and promising for him in those palmy days of churchmanship, combining, in a degree universally acknowledged to be absolutely peculiar to himself, genius, the elevation and grace of a perfect nobleman, and further, the purity and enthusiasm of a winning and unsuspected piety — such a life and career cut across, and, in spite of superficial honours, really spoiled and overthrown, by the kind of fate which, almost

against his will, entangled him with Madame Guyon and Quietism. Bossuet himself, first his master and friend, then his implacable antagonist who ended by crushing him, is the best witness of what was thought of Fénelon's genius. "Qui lui conteste l'esprit?" he exclaimed in the hottest moments of the quarrel, "il en a plus que moi, il en a jusqu'à faire peur." No one doubted at the time, except perhaps Bossuet's friends, that though Bossuet was the greater theologian, Fénelon came much nearer to what was then considered the saint. People admired and dreaded the thunder of Bossuet, but Fénelon's words were music such as the devotion of the time thought it had never heard equalled. Fénelon was far indeed from being the greatest, but he was the most accomplished and most attractive example of the Roman Catholic religion of his age. He combined the strictest faith in dogmas, the most profound submission to authority, the most genuine devotional temper, and an absorbing and governing zeal, with the benevolence, the high spirit, the tolerant generosity, the polish and courtesy and largeness of mind, of which society was beginning to recognise the value and the grace. He, in fact, realized in the highest and purest form, and without intending it, that ideal of religious character which the Jesuits had constantly before their eyes, and strove so laboriously and with such imperfect success to create by their ingenious and artificial methods of discipline. It is to be observed that, in the great quarrel between him and Bossuet, the Jesuits, even the King's confessor, Père La Chaise, and whatever sympathies they commanded at Rome, were — timidly no doubt, yet very distinctly — for Fénelon. Yet, while Bossuet's career was to the end a successful and brilliant one — and one, too, which has left its permanent mark on the great nation of which, while living, he was the oracle — Fénelon's career, though in some things he was Bossuet's equal and in some his superior, was a failure. Though his type of religion seemed on all its sides to recommend itself to his age, by its refinement and real goodness and charm, and by its philosophical tendencies and disposition to soften down what was harsh and rugged, and though his first achievements and first elevation were full of splendour, still Fénelon's career was a failure as a whole, though we do not forget his saintly episcopate. M. Matter calls him the master of modern mystics. We do not well know who they are; but it is a poor lot, compared with the glory of being the leader of the French Church, and the

writer of the *Sermons* and the *Variations*, to be known chiefly as the author of *Télémaque*; or even for having done what Bossuet failed to do — made one of Louis XIV.'s family an honest man.

M. Matter has well caught one feature of Fénelon's character which is not always noticed. People speak of his gentleness and sweetness, and beautiful spirit of yielding and submission; sterner critics give these things the harsher names of suppleness and oiliness; and we must confess, for ourselves, that Fénelon is sometimes too resigned, too ingenious in finding out reasons why he should not complain, to suit our notions of what is natural. In the thick of his quarrel with Bossuet, when Bossuet is, as he often is, grossly and inexcusably rude and violent, nothing can be more beautiful than Fénelon's calm patience and devout cheerfulness. Only it is too beautiful; and it is quite refreshing when he breaks out sometimes into fierceness, and turns with no want of power on his great accuser. But the truth is that with all his sweetness, with all his professions of deference — which there is no reason to think insincere, though we may think them excessive — of deference to authority, whether to the authority of superior age and wisdom, as in the case of Bossuet, or of ecclesiastical position, as in regard to the Pope, Fénelon, as M. Matter repeats, was one of the most resolute and independent of men: —

On prend volontiers, en le jugeant, la rare souplesse de sa parole, qui répondait si bien à celle de sa pensée, pour de la souplesse de caractère; c'est à tort, et c'est une grande faute qu'on commet dans l'appréciation de sa personne. Toute sa vie durant Fénelon tient au contraire singulièrement à ses idées à ses doctrines, à ses affections. Ses intérêts lui sont chers comme sa personne; il a conscience de son droit et de sa dignité, comme de ses talents. Il s'y maintient avec fermeté; toutefois, il le fait avec une telle mesure, avec une si parfaite subordination de ce qui est suprême, qu'il ne heurte jamais le goût ni la modestie. . . . Sa parole est souple; mais sa pensée est constante, son génie est un du commencement à la fin. Si nous manquons de détails sur son premier supériorat, nous pouvons être certains que ce qu'il fit depuis et partout, à Versailles, à Issy, à Cambrai, et à Rome, il le fit à Paris à vingt-sept ans; toujours et partout le plus docile des hommes pour qui sait éclairer son génie et pour qui a sur lui autorité; dans tout le reste, le plus indépendant et le plus lui-même de tous les mortels. Ne lui a-t-on, pas reproché l'engouement pousse jusqu'à l'entêtement, la constance exaltée jusqu'à l'obstination?

Madame Guyon—who occasioned the failure of a great career, who caused to the Court and Church of France trouble and scandals almost equal to those of Jansenism, for whose sake friends like Bossuet and Fénelon were turned into implacable antagonists, and who excited so much compassion by the brutality with which Bossuet and the King treated her—seems, after all, to have been a very ordinary sort of person. Such women are about everywhere, in germ. Her piety, which there is no reason whatever to doubt, was of a strongly marked type which had been developed in Spain, since the revival of Catholicism, out of the maxims and outlines of the earlier theology, and which had been adapted to the French temper by St. François de Sales and Madame de Chantal. She was enthusiastic, audacious, self-confident, and probably eloquent, at any rate attractive and persuasive; and, in spite of some unfavourable rumours, when she came to Paris, she captivated Madame de Maintenon, and the select circle—select both as to birth and piety—which met at the house of the Duc de Beauvilliers, Colbert's son-in-law. Nothing would satisfy Madame de Maintenon but she must have Madame Guyon at St. Cyr, to carry forward her teachers and scholars there in the ways of spiritual perfection. If Madame Guyon's head was turned, it is not very surprising. It was none of the strongest, with an eager, forward, adventurous character; and she had before her St. Theresa and Madame de Chantal as examples of women directing and governing in religion. Her mysticism passed from the mysticism of thought and contemplation into that of sensible experience of the most extravagant sort. Her books spoke of states of prayer which seemed to exclude all active religion, and of doctrines which seemed to invert every human idea and motive. The theologians and those whom they influenced began to complain. The King took alarm; he even snubbed Madame Maintenon when she read to him from her friend's books. He could see nothing in them but dreams, and he declared that Madame Guyon was the maddest woman in France. The wise Madame de Maintenon, with the prudence of a schoolmistress anxious about the character of her school, threw her overboard at St. Cyr, and then altogether. Madame Guyon attempted to re-establish her character by putting herself and her writings into Bossuet's hands. It was her ruin. The courtesy with which he received her at first turned, as he learned more of her, to the most intense disgust and the most unrelenting persecution. It is diffi-

cult to find the parallel, for oddness, to Bossuet's implacable wrath against her. If she had been the most terrible of heresiarchs, instead of a very silly and self-conceited but most submissive devotee, he could not have pursued her more fiercely. Long and earnest conferences of bishops and theologians sat about her books. She was attacked in articles—the "Thirty-four of Issy"—*mandements*, condemnations; she was confined in monasteries, hunted by the police, shut up in State prisons. Her son, a distinguished officer, perfectly innocent of Quietism, was dismissed because he was her son. If it had not been so brutally cruel, nothing but her own dreams could have equalled in ridiculous extravagance this combined rage of Church and State against her. Yet she was not tenacious of her ambitious hopes, if she had any; and lived and died, after the storm had passed, in edifying submission and obedience.

And Fénelon, who suffered as her supposed champion, had not, after all, according to M. Matter, any special interest in her. They both were students and admirers of the same books, the writings of the masters of the new spiritual devotion of the time, Spanish and French. Madame de Guyon appears to have tried to win Fénelon; but Fénelon himself strongly warned Madame de Maintenon against the high pressure of her books and influence at St. Cyr. There is little trace of correspondence between them, and Fénelon, though he maintained that she meant well, was very free in admitting that she spoke crudely and ill. But he thought her hardly used, and refused to lend himself to Bossuet's insatiable desire to crush her. This, M. Matter thinks, was the cause of his being involved in her disgrace. Bossuet's jealousy was roused, and turned from her on a more important victim—a friend who had questioned both his temper and judgment, and in this particular question, his knowledge. M. Matter brings out the case with much appearance of truth. But it seems to us that he leaves without explanation something which does need to be explained—what were, in fact, Fénelon's relations toward Madame Guyon. Fénelon, with all his spirit and courage in speaking for her, writes like a man who is shy of an old acquaintance; and it seems unlikely, in those days of spiritual letter-writing, that where an active and intimate correspondence at some period or other appears to be taken for granted on all sides, it should not have existed, because the traces of it have disappeared.

In the dispute between Bossuet and Fénelon

elon M. Matter sees with exultation a magnificent jousting match between the first writers and first divines of the day. To us it does not seem so brilliant. The real spirit of it is to be found in Bossuet's letters, especially to his nephew at Rome, than which any thing more bitter, untiring, and unscrupulous in the display of feeling against an opponent it would not be easy to find. Bossuet seems unable to sleep or rest for M. de Cambrai and his detestable *Maximes des Saints*. All the world condemns them, yet it is all over with the Church unless they are censured at Rome. The two men parted the right and the wrong of the quarrel between them. If Bossuet was overbearing, rude, and violent, Fénelon was not always quite ingenuous and straightforward, and had his distinct reserves when he was professing the most unbounded and most simple deference to Bossuet's judgment. Bossuet was right as to the general good sense of the question, and in pointing out the absurdity and the practical mischief of the high-flown and monstrous refinements of spiritual feeling of which Madame Guyon's writings were a sample; but Fénelon was right, too, as to the general authority which the tradition and language of acknowledged saints gave them, and in insisting that common sense is not always the fittest judge of the subject, and that one man's ideas of devotion and religious perfection, as of poetry or affection, are often incommensurable with those of his neighbour. But the inexpressible oddness of the whole matter is that Bossuet himself, as M. Matter shows, had, in his letters of spiritual counsel to the ladies whom he directed, his own mystical language, which, though it may be different from Madame Guyon's and Fénelon's, is every bit as exaggerated, as startling, and, to our ears, as mischievous.

The truth is that it was a poor quarrel, and a sign of degeneracy. It was not like the great controversies of Portroyal, or even those which Bossuet had carried on against Protestantism, a dispute involving questions affecting all the world, and demanding robust and masculine intellect. It was a question interesting only to high society and the Court, with its dependent convents; a question touching devout fine ladies, and the directors whom they tired out and dragged down with their scruples and fancies. In the provinces they did not care a straw about Madame Guyon and Quietism. It was the malady or the need of a fastidious and over-refined society. Bossuet was right in his instinctive dislike, though he had largely helped to bring about

the result which filled him with indignation. But controversy had sunk many steps when it came down from debates about grace or morality to debating the necessity of condemning the proposition that a man in a state of perfection ought to hate his own salvation, or that the highest form of love is loving God for nothing.

From The Spectator, Dec. 14.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

ONE of the ablest moralists we ever knew, a man much sterner to himself than to the world around him, used to say that of all crimes theft was the one which showed the basest heart. It was absolutely selfish, it never excused itself by momentary passion, and it required nine times out of ten the coolest calculation and foresight. There is no provocation to forgery, as there may be to murder; no sudden, overmastering temptation to swindle, as there may be to many other equally evil acts. If that is true, and it is at all events only an exaggerated truth, the state of England is a bad one; for there cannot be a doubt that the master vice of the middle class, we had almost written their master passion, is thieving. We doubt if a race ever existed among whom pecuniary dishonesty was so general or so deeply affected the structure of society. We consider ourselves a virtuous people, the salt of the earth, and it is not too much to say that at this moment the basis of half our laws, the cause of half or more than half our administrative weakness, the root of three-fourths of our commercial difficulties, is the well founded belief that a middle-class Englishman, if he gets anything like a chance, will thief, will expend his brain, his time, and his energies in able efforts to steal money which is not his. What is the dry rot which is destroying English administration, its directness, its simplicity, and its force, but the certainty of the nation that every official, if left to himself and unwatched, will steal? Our Departments are hampered and shackled with checks till they can hardly work, till individual power, and, therefore, individual genius, are suppressed; and the object of all the checks is not to prevent inefficiency—that in England is not a crime, though elsewhere it is among the greatest—or to obviate the chance of oppression, but to prevent direct fraud, as

saults of the vulgarest kind upon the national till. We cannot get a Navy, because it is understood that in great establishments like Dockyards, everybody not specially selected for honesty will thieve. Our Army arrangements break down incessantly, because contractors, sub-contractors, and purveyors generally are supposed to be steeped to the lips in fraud. There is not a contract given in a Government office in which some one has not secured a "perquisite," or an "advantage," or a "profit," of which he would not, for the world, have his employers formally conscious; which has not, in fact, given some one, usually a gentleman, the opportunity of thieving. Our whole system of providing for State needs by "open tender," the stupidest of all conceivable systems — for its theory is that Jones is Robinson's equal as a manufacturer, which Jones is not — is openly based on the assumption, an assumption perfectly true, that without open tender the department will sell the contract, will, in fact, steal a large sum out of the National Treasury. Our municipal difficulty is jobbery, that is, theft, — the practice every municipality is certain unless watched to indulge in, of robbing the citizens to enrich its own members or other favoured individuals. Even Parliament, even the Cabinet, the flower, or supposed flower, of Parliamentary life, is not beyond the same suspicion. We dare not let the Chiefs of Departments act for themselves in a most important function, that of making the great contracts, choosing, in fact, the agents they think ablest, because we are certain that they will thieve, not indeed for themselves, but for their party. They will give Jones 1,000,000*l.* to do what Robinson would do for 750,000*l.*, because Jones votes for them, — that is, they will misappropriate 250,000*l.* of the money for which they are trustees. Look at our Railway system. It is the greatest and most important business organization ever devised by a nation, and it is breaking down under habitual theft. Directors, animated by the hope of "high quotations for shares," — that is, of robbing buyers, by selling plated goods for silver, — are declaring in all directions fictitious dividends; shareholders, animated by the same thirst for plunder, are winking at directors' acts; contractors are sending in fictitious tenders at absurd prices; lawyers selling the companies, their own clients, to the vermin who eat their capital up; traffic managers making preferential, that is, fraudulent bargains for carriage; every petty official taking

bribes to grant privileges his employers have not sold. Look at our commerce, shattered at this moment by every variety of elaborate and carefully devised plunder; by Companies whose prospectuses are drawn up with the intention of robbing the ignorant; by Banks which make over shareholders' money to directors; by manufacturers who will sell shoddy for cloth; by tradesmen who cannot be trusted to avoid actual stealing of pennies from women and children, actual theft of coppers out of a blind man's tray; by false weights and measures. Is there a trade left in which half the tradesmen do not live by petty imposition, that is, theft, by selling goods as bargains which are really dear, by enormous adulterations — by, in fact, direct robberies of one kind or another? Agriculture is the most honest; and ask a really God-fearing dealer of Mark Lane what he thinks of the morals of his trade, whether he could remit his watchfulness for an instant, a watchfulness directed wholly against theft, without being ruined. What is a Bear combination to unduly depress the price of goods but an elaborate theft? We cannot, in London, send goods to auction without a certainty of robbery, and we are bitter, all of us, against "knock-outs;" but who whips the worst form of knock-outs, the circulation of rumours intended to make worthless shares seem valuable, so that their holders may plunder the unwary? When Bears run down shares there is indeed an outcry, but when they run them up, who cares for the plundered public?

The very dislike of theft, unless committed by violence, seems to have died out of the national mind. City editors denounce search into robberies as a "vindictive proceeding," and advise compromise as the only mode by which anything can be saved. Transactions which are thefts of the most unblushing kind bring to their perpetrators no rebuke, to the sufferers no sympathy. If a man stands on London Bridge selling brass rings for gold, the police ultimately, and as an extreme measure, make him walk on; but if he robs a thousand widows successfully, by a prospectus deliberately framed to deceive, he goes at once into Parliament. That, we shall be told, has always been so; but the new evil is, that we are becoming conscious of such things, and still permit them, and waste half our national energy in endeavours not to put them down, but to prevent, their occurring on too broad a scale. Every organization we contrive is cumbrous to de-

crepitude, and the reason is that we dare trust no one; that we know if the workhouse master is left absolute he will thief; if he is only inspected, the inspector will be "made pleasant;" if the Department is left to look after the inspector, it will sell him immunity, not, indeed, for cash, but for political support. There is not a department in England in which one-third of the expense might not be saved if men could be assumed to be barely "law-honest," or in which, if we did assume it, the nation would not lose twice as much as it does. There is not a great shop in London whose proprietor is not paying a third of his gross aggregate of salaries to persons whose real work is to prevent plunder — a plunder now so dreaded, from its universality, that immense brain has been exerted, and is being exerted, to prevent salesmen ever touching cash at all, to enable children to do that part of the work, as they do in managing lotteries. Every public amusement is becoming an organized arrangement for plunder, every invention of science, from the telegraph to the patent office, is a device to aid the quiet garrotter, every need of humanity is a new help to the dishonest to grow rich. Apart altogether from the injury to the national morals, the waste of all this is becoming prodigious, and will ultimately become unbearable, will either produce a cure, or, by engaging half society to watch the other half, will paralyze it for progress, and even for exertion. At this moment, the country, as a whole, is paying, or rather beginning to pay, a sum in one department of work alone which would ruin any other land. We do not hesitate to say that the habitual dishonesty of the English middle class, their habit of thieving whenever they get the chance without actually taking silver spoons, will cost England one-half of the four or five hundred millions it has expended on the Railway system; that the country is now paying millions a year in the mere effort — a resultless effort — to check official corruption; that it is losing sums to which even these are trifles, because great improvements cannot be made, for fear of universal plunder. If Parliament but knew where to find decently honest agents it could rebuild our cities, rearrange our tenures, suppress pauperism by insurances, pay half the National Debt by absorbing the nearly ruined Railway system. What stops, to take a single example, a State management of the Railways, which, by halving the gross cost of communication,

might double the national power? Simply the openly expressed conviction in men's minds that if the State had the Railways, Mr. Gladstone is the only man who could be trusted not to "job" them, that is, to thief; and the still frightful latent thought that Mr. Gladstone shows weakness, — "purism," — in being so absolutely beyond suspicion!

The worst of all this is, that we see no cure for it. Every nation suffers from periods of violence or of licentiousness, or of bigotry, or of apparent weakness, and after a time they pass away, to reappear at more and more distant intervals; but the habit of theft is in its nature chronic. The desire for "comfort" without work, which is its root, is one which civilization every year intensifies, and there are no barbarians left to bid civilization halt for centuries, that its poisonous vapours may have time to blow off from the face of the world. Punishment does little, as we see, for we already punish offences against property more than offences against life, and the only effect is to change burglary for swindling, robbery for forgery, "dacoity" by professional ruffians for "dacoity" by smooth respectables banded together to rob the ignorant by plausible prospectuses. If Claude Duval were alive now he would not be fool enough to rob coaches. He would get up a tea-company. The single remedy, we fear, is national poverty, which, by making all men watchmen, prevents the very inception of crime; and as retribution comes for all things evil, we may rely on it that sooner or later, if this utter demoralization lasts, poverty will be the national portion. One grand evil of our villages is larceny, an evil so widespread that it seems beyond the correction of those who suffer; but let a thief go into a poor country — Bengal or Berne — and try to steal the husks of the rice or the fallen grapes, and he will learn once for all that there is one, and a bitter, preventive for habitual theft, the conversion of every man with a shilling into a savage watchdog over his pennies. It is poverty, through loss of trade and over-taxation, which, if this contemptible crime spreads further, will be upon us; and when it comes, we warn officials, contractors, directors, and the like, they will have a bad quarter of an hour. When the Convention sent army contractors by the dozen to the guillotine, soldiers' shoes ceased to be made of brown paper.

From The Spectator, Dec. 21.

THE FENIAN OUTRAGE.

THERE is one compensation for this Clerkenwell outrage. It has reunited the British people, and rebraced the nerves of authority. A feeling had begun to spread among the lower classes that Government was at once weak and violent; that it yielded whenever it was severely pressed, and executed whenever it was not resisted; that its protection was of very little use, and its authority rather a burden than a benefit. A section of the Reform League was half disposed to sympathize with Fenianism as a mode of resistance to authority, and in town after town symptoms of a desire to supersede Government, to loosen the bonds of society, were apparent. In Liverpool and Birmingham, no less than in Belfast, unrecognized bodies of men threatened to take the law against Fenians into their own hands, and while in Southampton the municipality refused to pay money for arming the police, in Glasgow it seemed for a moment possible that a stern and grave Calvinistic population would give the rein to a fanaticism before which that of either Reds or Ultramontanes is as a crackling of thorns to a coal fire. On the other hand, the Government, though prompt to arbitrariness in Ireland, was in England hampered by an idea, not altogether false, that the masses were not with it, that any approach to sternness or high-handed execution of the law would generate a storm of opposition. All this has ended. Everywhere the "people," the multitude whose arms in the long run support society, have recognized that Government is their instrument as well as that of the income-tax payers; that they need its protection as much as the rich; that the best as well as easiest mode of organization is to rally round the legal authority, to strengthen its hands, to furnish it with eyes, to submit to its demands on individual action. The murder at Manchester had not had this effect, for deny it as we may, there was enough of the political element in that crime to destroy the *horror naturalis*; the guilty were not guilty of ordinary murder. The outrage at Clerkenwell was needed to remove the last vestige of hesitation from the public mind. This, at all events, was no act of war, no attack on Government, no slaughter of the agents of an "oppressive" authority. If the perpetrators knew what they were doing, they were wholesale murderers, men at war with the human race, capable of killing children for a political object. If, as is much more

probable — for they risked Burke's life — they were not aware, or only partially aware, of what they were doing, they were men utterly reckless of human life and suffering; men who would scatter death broadcast without reflection, who would fire powder while children's eyes were looking into the barrel. For such men there is in this country no pardon, and the outrage combined every circumstance which can inflame Englishmen's imagination. The agent was gunpowder, and Englishmen's notions of the use of gunpowder in such affairs date from the Guy Fawkes conspiracy — which cost the Catholics 200 years of oppression; much property was destroyed, and Englishmen can be malignant about the useless destruction of their accumulation; the victims were decent poor people, and Englishmen sympathize with no class as they do with the decent poor; and finally, many of the sufferers were little children, and Englishmen have that in them which makes the blinding of little children, even accidentally, cause their blood to boil. We confess ourselves to a total want of the patience necessary even to discuss that part of the affair, and we will add that we will trust the wildest Irishman in the Empire, from The O'Donoghue to the lowest dock porter, to grow savage with shame and anger as he thinks of that consequence of the Fenian crime. The moral effect, therefore, has been immense. The people have lost their fear of Government, Government its distrust of the people. The nation is united as in a war. Measures which a week ago would have been impossible are now easy. We shall hear no more of the resistance to a change which, even without the Clerkenwell outrage, would have been speedily inevitable — the arming of policemen — who at present may be ruptured with almost perfect impunity; the use of soldiers as armed citizens is again recognized, the duty of individuals begins once more to be perceived, and there are propositions for the permanent increase of the detective force. For once the populace and the police are at one, heartily, cordially, to the extent of fighting opponents in concert; and the Government, which for two years has been hesitating between the first principles of order and a vague notion that the people dislike severity, is at last at ease. There is no wise severity, and they know there is no wise severity, which they are not at liberty to use to repress not only outrages like this, but any outrages whatever the principle of which is violent resistance to the law.

We trust, and in great measure believe, that these novel and great powers will be well and moderately used. The duty of the Government in such a crisis is clear, and, fortunately, the responsibility falls mainly upon men who, like the Stanleys, are bound by personal reasons never to forget that Irishmen are citizens of the Empire. That duty is to maintain a steady, severe, but just system of repression upon Fenianism; to show its partizans that they are waging war upon a force indefinitely superior to themselves; to convince its enemies that there is no justification whatever for taking the law into their own hands; in short, to make the nation supreme, if possible through the magistracy, but if needful, through the visible and determined use of the bayonet. That the time for leniency to Fenianism is past is clear, and the time for fury against Irishmen ought never to be permitted to arrive. There can be no more processions, or meetings, or any other combined action in favour of a party which can, even against the will of its own chiefs, tolerate outrages like that in Clerkenwell. The Fenian Committee may be, as they assert, utterly guiltless of that horror, and we are willing to acquit them of some of its worst features; but they must in their own interest, as well as that of the Empire, bear the obloquy of the insane acts of their own friends. The Government must now show itself master of the situation, or the English and Scotch will terminate it, with the result of making all improvement in the relations between the two countries impossible for another century. If it does not, a feather-weight would now turn the scale in favour of lynch law. As to the means, they are those by which every other government is compelled to meet from time to time similar outbursts of fanaticism, by which the French Government has repeatedly met the more violent secret societies, — steady, cold, scientific watchfulness and repression. The regular law is amply sufficient for the purpose, or if not, the regular law must be made stronger. Almost all the "exceptional legislation" suggested is either unfair or unwise. It would be both, for example, to demand passports from Irishmen, for the Fenians in this last affair have injured the Irish far more than ourselves. It would be both to dismiss Irish labourers from the Dockyards simply because amongst them might be men sympathizing with Fenian ideas. It would be both to expel, as one paper advises, the American Irish under the ancient Alien Act; unwise as increasing the bitterness between ourselves

and the Americans, unfair because we still refuse to acknowledge that the emigrants have forfeited their allegiance. The true policy is to increase the police, to use the soldiers, to call out the people to watch unsleepingly, to punish crime relentlessly, but always in obedience to the law, and through its responsible agents. One failure of justice, one execution of an innocent man, one instance of hesitation in restraining any spirit of race hostility, would do more to injure the cause of order than a lost battle. The charge that the Fenians are cowards is simply nonsensical; but they are not braver than the Reds, not so powerful, not one-tenth as united, and there is not a great city of the Continent in which the Reds are not kept down by sheer force. They can be kept down here too. There is nothing like calm, steady, but inevitable justice to put down opposition; and with twenty-three millions of people on its side, the Government has full opportunity and leisure to carry out that policy — the only one which is just, the only one which, when men are cooler, leaves behind it none of that vengeful animosity the victims of injustice are sure to feel. If the police are insufficient, add more, or call out the people, or supplement both with soldiers — make it, if absolutely necessary, an offence to be a Fenian; but in no case allow the first beginning of a riot, in no case allow lynch law, in no case let any man be punished without a full and a just hearing. And above all, in no case suffer a Fenian and an Irishman to be confounded. The latter are our countrymen, men whom we insist — justly, as we consider — on retaining within the Empire, and they have a right to every advantage involved in the situation, specially to the right of full, unprejudiced, and patient hearing. To dismiss men from employment because other men with the same brogue have committed a crime is not precaution, but discreditable injustice. As yet the bearing of the people has been excellent. Provoked almost beyond endurance, assailed in their persons, their property, and their pride, struck down in their own chief city by means which they rank with poison, means which they hold wicked even if used in war, they have remained calm, and have looked to the law rather than to themselves to protect their families. The law should protect them calmly, persistently, and patiently, protect them so that they see the protection, but without fury and without blood-thirstiness.

The greatest aid of all that we can ob-

From The Saturday Review.

PAYING ONE'S SHOT.

tain is from the Irish themselves, and it is no less than madness to lump all Catholic Irishmen, as the *Times* in one instance has done, with the Fenians. Because peers, and members of Parliament, and justices of the peace protest against an alien Church, therefore they sympathize with men who have permitted children's eyes to be blown out! — the mere suggestion is an atrocity. There is not in their history for the last hundred years an incident which suggests that the Irish are cruel after that diabolical fashion. Undisciplined, wild, unruly, unjust they have been, and in agrarian quarrels murderers; but not cruel to the weak. In the last outbreak they spared their prisoners, the American Irish, who are represented as demons, insisting on that act of justice. In this last affair of the processions scores of Irish Catholics came forward in Glasgow to aid the magistracy. There is not an Irishman in London unconnected with the Fenians, and not many even of their body, who does not condemn as heartily as Englishmen the recent atrocious crime. Burke denied it, the "Fenian Committee" deny it, the Irishmen in the streets deny it, and if all those denials are unreal, they still show this, those who deny know well that their countrymen will repudiate the act. There is the key to the possibility of reconciliation. If we could but win Ireland, could but so change the mass of opinion there that Fenianism should be regarded by the majority of Irishmen as it is regarded by all Englishmen, Fenianism would die under the hatred of those whose cause it is falsely presumed to defend. This is not the time? This is precisely the time. We know of no spectacle which could be nobler than that of a dominant people with one hand calmly and sternly maintaining its own dominance, and with the other removing the last vestiges of inequality, the last relics of intolerance, the last grievances produced by difference of race and creed. It is a most unpopular utterance just now, and therefore, it is all the more necessary it should be uttered now that when the Irish peasant sees in the Fenian an insurgent against himself, Fenianism will die under a pressure sharper than any Government can order, or any policemen carry out.

OPERATIC QUOTATION.

(From Masaniello.)

On a gay Widow giving up her Weeds for Colours. — "Behold, behold how brightly, brightly breaks the mourning!" — *Punch*.

It would save much useless striving and needless disappointment if the necessity of paying one's shot were honestly accepted as absolute — if it were understood, once for all, that society, like other manifestations of humanity, is managed on the principle of exchange and barter, and equivalents demanded for value received. The benevolence which gives out of its own impulse, with no hope of reward save in the well-being of the recipient, has no place in the drawing-room code of morals. We may keep a useless creature from starving at the cost of so much of our substance per diem, for the sole remuneration of thanks and the consciousness of an equivocal act of charity; but who among us opens his doors, or gives a seat at his table, to drawing-room paupers unable to pay their shot? who cares to cultivate the acquaintance of men or women that are unable to make him any return? It is not necessary that this return should be in kind — a dinner for a dinner, a champagne supper for a champagne supper, and balls with waxed floors for balls with stretched linen; but shot must be paid in some form, whether in kind or not, and the social pauper who cannot pay his quota is the social Lazarus excluded from the feast. This is a hard saying, but it is a true one. We often hear worthy people who do not understand this law complain that they are neglected, left out of wedding breakfasts, passed over in dinner invitations, and find it difficult to keep acquaintances when made. But the fact is, these miserable sinners who know so much about the cold-shoulder of society are simply those who cannot pay their shot according to the currency of the class to which they aspire; and so by degrees they get winnowed through the meshes, and fall to a level where their funds will suffice to meet all demands triumphantly. For the rejected of one level is not necessarily the rejected of all, and the base metal of one currency is sound coinage to another. People who would find it impossible to enter a drawing-room in Grosvenor Square may have all Bloomsbury at their command, and what was caviare to My Lord will be ambrosia to his valet — all depending on the amount of the shot to be paid, and the relative value of coinage to pay it with.

The most simple form of payment is of course by the elemental process of reciprocity in kind; a dinner for a dinner, and a

supper for a supper, being as purely instinctive as an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—the *lex talionis* of early jurisprudence administered among wine-cups instead of in the shambles. But there are other modes of payment as efficient if less evident, and as imperative if more subtle. For instance, women pay their shot—when they pay it individually, and not through the vicarious merits of their masculine relations—by dressing well and looking nice; some by being pretty, some by being fashionable, a few by brilliant talk, while all ought to add to their private speciality the generic virtue of pleasant manners. If they are not pretty, pleasant, well-dressed, or well-connected, and if they have no masculine advantages to hook them on to the higher lines, they are let drop through the social meshes without an effort made to retain them, as little fishes swim away unopposed through the loops which hold the bigger ones. These things are their social duties—the final cause of their drawing-room existence; and if they fail in them they fail in the purpose for which they were created socially, and may die out as soon as convenient. They have other duties, of course, and duties doubtless of far higher moment and greater worth; but the question now is only of their drawing-room duties—of the qualities which secure them recognition in society, of the special coinage in which they must pay their shot if they would assist at the great banquet of social life. A dowdy, humdrum, well-principled woman, whose toilette looks as if it had been made with the traditionary pitchfork, and whose powers of conversation do not go beyond the strength of *Cobwebs to Catch Flies*, or *Mangnall's Questions*, may be an admirable wife, the painstaking mother of future honest citizens, invaluable by a sick-bed, beyond price in the nursery, a pattern of all household economies, a woman absolutely faultless in her sphere—and that sphere a very sweet and lovely one. But her virtues are not those by which she can pay her shot in society; and the motherly goodness, of so much account in a dressing-jacket and list-slippers, gets put out of court when the fee to be paid is liveliness of manner or elegance of appearance. Certainly, worthy women who dress ill and look ungraceful, and whose conversation is about up to the mark of their children's easy-spelling-books, are plentiful in society—unfortunately for those bracketed with them for two hours' penance; but they have their shot paid for them by the wealth, the importance, the repute, or the desirableness of their relatives.

They may pay it themselves by their own wealth and consequent liberal tariff of reciprocity; but this is rare; the possession of personal superiority of any kind for the most part acting as a patent moral stimulus with women whom the superiority of their male relative does not touch. And, by the way, it is rather hard lines that so many celebrated men have dowdy wives. Artists, poets, self-made men of all kinds often fail in this special article; and while they themselves have caught the tone of the circle to which they have risen, and pay their shot by manner as well as by repute, their wives lag behind among the ashes of the past, like Cinderellas before the advent of the fairy godmother. How many of them are carried through society as clogs or excrescences which a polite world is bound to tolerate, with more or less equanimity, according to the amount of sensitiveness bestowed by nature and cultivated by art. Sometimes, however, self-made men and their wives are wise in their generation, and understand the terms on which society receives its members; in which case the reputation goes to the front alone, and the conjugal Cinderella rests tranquil in the rear.

Notoriety of all kinds, short of murder or forgery, is one way of paying one's shot, specially into the coffers of the Leo Hunters, of whom there are many. It is shot paid to the general fund when one has seen an accident—better still, if one has been in it. Many a man has owed a rise in his scale of dinners to a railway smash; and to have been nearly burnt to death, to have escaped by a miracle from drowning, to have been set on by footpads, or to have been visited by burglars, is worth a round of At Homes, because of the ready cash of a real adventure. To be connected more or less remotely with the fashionable tragedy of the hour is paying one's shot handsomely; to have been on speaking terms with the latest respectable scoundrel unmasked, or to have had dealings, sufficiently remote to have been cleanly with the newest villainy, will be accepted as shot while the public interest in the matter lasts. A chance visit to ultragrandees— $\frac{1}{4}$ grandees in ratio to the ordinary sphere—is shot paid with an air. A bad illness, or the attendance on one, with the apparently unconscious heroism of the details, comes in as part of the social fine, especially if the person relating it has the knack of epigram or exaggeration, while still keeping local colour and verisimilitude intact. Interesting people who have been abroad and seen things are good counters for a dinner-party; paying their shot for

themselves and their hosts too, who put them forward as their contribution to the funds of the commonwealth, with a certainty of acceptance. Some pay their shot by their power of procuring orders and free admissions. They know the manager of this theatre or the leading actor of that; they are acquainted with the principal members of the hanging committees, and are therefore great in private views; they are always good for a gratuitous treat to folks who can afford to pay twice the sum demanded for their day's pleasure. Such people may be stupid, ungainly, not specially polished, and in grain unpleasant; but they circulate in society because they pay their shot, and give back equivalents for value received. A country-house, where there is a good croquet lawn and a blushing bed of strawberries, is coinage that will carry the possessor very far ahead through London society; and by the same law you will find healthy, well-conditioned country folk tolerate undeniable little snobs of low calibre because of that sixteen-roomed house in Tyburnia, a visit to which represents so many concerts, so many theatres, a given number of exhibitions, and a certain quality of operas and parties. Had those undeniable little snobs no funds wherewith to pay their shot, they would have no place kept for them; but bringing their quota as they do, they take their seat with the rest, and are helped in their turn.

In fact, humiliating to our self-love as it may be, the truth is we are all valued socially, not for ourselves integrally, not for the mere worth of the naked soul, but for the kind of shot that we pay—for the advantage or amusement to others that we can bring, for something in ourselves which renders us desirable as companions, or for something belonging to our condition which makes us remunerative as guests. If we have no special qualification, if we neither look nice nor talk well, neither bring glory nor confer pleasure, we must expect to be shunted to the side in favour of others who are up to the right mark, and who give as much as they receive. If this truth were once fully established as a matter of social science, a great advance would be made, for nothing helps people more than to clear a subject of what fog may lie about it. And as the tendency of the age is to discover the fixed laws which regulate the mutable affairs of man, it would be just as well to extend the inquiry from the jury-box to the dinner-table, and from the blue-book to the visiting-list. Why is it that some people struggle all their lives to get a footing in society, yet

die as they have lived—social Sisyphi, never accomplishing their perpetually recurring task? There must be a reason for it, nothing being ruled by blind chance, though much seeming to lie outside the independent will of the individual. Now enlighten these worthy people's minds on the unwritten laws of invitation, and show them that—though thoroughly honest souls, and to be trusted with untold gold as the saying is, or with their neighbour's pretty wife, which is perhaps a harder test—they are by no means to be trusted with the amusement of a couple of companions at a dinner-table. Show them that, how rich soever they may be in the rough gold of domestic morality, they are bankrupts in the small change which alone passes current in society, and if invited where they aspire, would be taken on as pauper cousins, unable to pay their footing, and good for neither meat nor garnish. Let them, then, learn how to pay their shot, and their difficulties would vanish; they would leave off repeating the fable of Sisyphus, and attain completion of endeavour. No one need say this is a hard or a selfish doctrine, for we all follow it in practice. Among the people we invite to our houses are some whom we do not specially like, but whom we must ask because of shot paid in kind. There are people who may be personally agreeable or disagreeable, graceful or ungainly, but whom we cannot cut because of the relations in which we stand towards them, and who take their place by right, because they pay their shot with punctuality. There are others whom we ask because of liking or desirability, and shot paid in some specific form of pleasantness, as in beauty, fashion, good manner, or notoriety; but there are none absolutely barren of all gifts of pleasantness to the guests, of reflected honour to ourselves, and of social small change according to the currency. We do not go into the byways or hedges to pick up drawing-room tatterdemalions, who bring nothing with them, and are simply so much dead weight on the rest, occupying valuable space, and consuming so much vital energy. The law of reciprocity may be hard on the strivers who are ignorant of its inexorable provisions; but it is a wholesome law, like other rules and enactments against remediable pauperism. And were we once thoroughly to understand that, if we would sit securely at the table we must put something of value into the pool—that we must possess advantageous circumstances, or personal desirabilities, as the shot to be paid for our place—the art of society would be better cultivated than it is now, and the

classification of guests carried out with greater judgment. Surely, if the need of being gracious in manner, sprightly in talk, and of pleasant appearance generally—all cultivable qualities, and to be learnt if not born in us by nature—were accepted as an absolute necessity, without which we must expect to be overlooked and excluded, drawing-rooms would be far brighter and dinner-tables far pleasanter than they are at present; to the advantage of all concerned. And, after all, society is a great thing in human life; if not equal in importance to the family, or the private household, it has its own special value; and whatever adds to its better organization is a gain in every sense.

From The Spectator, Dec. 21.

THE PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

PROPHETIC politics are rarely worthy even of the very slight attention they usually receive. So much depends on individual lives, on latent but irresistible popular opinions, on those incidents which even statesmen in the despair of ignorance call "accidents," that the keenest observers are constantly at fault. Nobody, not even Napoleon after reading reports from every prefecture in France, expected that explosion of French ill-temper which last week, in less than twenty-four hours, baffled his calculations and upset his policy. A single death in Prussia, or Russia, or Austria, or France, or Italy would even now upset every existing combination, perhaps lead to events directly the reverse of those which politicians most clearly anticipate, and there are ideas in every one of these countries now repressed which, if they burst forth, may at any moment change the whole current of men's thoughts. Still it is worth while every now and then to look abroad, and in the children's phrase, to "see if we can see" whither Europe is drifting. That it is in motion is evident, and the point to be ascertained is whither the tide is carrying the nations so clearly loosened from their old moorings. Is it to a new and better position, or is it to a dangerous snag in the channel, a European war? We confess to ourselves the prospect seems extremely gloomy, so gloomy that we feel half inclined to regard a catastrophe as inevitable. All the signs which have ever preceded European convulsions exist around us in

abundance. The *régime* of law has, it is admitted, ended. The central nation of Europe, the pivot on which diplomacy always turns, the one power always organized and always active, is restless, ill content, and ready for the strife. Mentana revealed to the world that the most powerful political instrument in existence, the French Army, has been re-armed, and can now meet the needle gun without a qualm. The debate of the 5th instant taught us all that the masters of that army are in that strange temper, compounded of fear, self-reliance, and wounded vanity, which in the individual Frenchman precedes a challenge. The entire current of events convinces men that the reoccupation of Rome will not suffice to restore France to her equanimity or Napoleon to his undisputed control of foreign affairs. Above all, the acceptance by the Commission of Napoleon's Army Bill indicates that the nation feels the need of self-sacrifice for immediate and great ends. That Bill, moderate as its authors declare it to be, *doubles* the disciplined strength of France, raises the army in war time to 800,000 men, and places 1,200,000 drilled soldiers at the disposal of the State for defence, and will for three years to come justify an increase in the Conscription of at least 50,000 men. France, angry, envious, and frightened, is arming to the teeth. North Germany, very weary of the suspense produced by French irritation, half inclined to think battle preferable to incessant alarm, draws her unity closer and closer—abolishes this week, for example, all separate diplomacy, while Count von Bismarck declares *Prussian* feeling an "effete provincialism"—and perceives clearly that at last she is sure, sure to the death, of her one Southern ally, of the only State which in a European war can restrain Austria from springing at her throat. Baden is pressing hard for immediate admittance to the Empire, and the great German Premier, who knows how to strike and how to wait, seems more than half inclined to withdraw his prohibition.

There are in these circumstances alone—in the French rage, the German confidence, the Italian thirst for vengeance—the elements of war; but these circumstances are not all. It is very difficult, as we read the tidings from the South-East of the growing pressure upon the Porte on behalf of the Greek Christians, the enthusiasm of Athens as she welcomes a Russian Grandduchess as her Queen, the renewed courage of the Cretans, the incessant menaces of Servia, to doubt that another effort for the great object

of South-Eastern aspirations, the expulsion of the Mussulman, is at hand. Philarete, the most determined and perhaps the most powerful foe the Sultan has ever had, is dead; but his opinions have permeated Russia, and his successor must on this point be Philarete again. The Russian people is always ready for a crusade, and the position of its Government has, we strongly suspect, been materially changed. It is certain that, in the temper France has manifested towards Germany, the Czar could by stretching out his hand to the Cæsar have prevented, or at least seriously impeded, German unity. It is very difficult to doubt, knowing as we all do the persistence and, so to speak, the self-absorption of Russian policy, that St. Petersburg has demanded and has obtained a price for her assent, freedom to move Southward without North German opposition. Hence it is that she intrigues in the Principalities without opposition from the Hohenzollern now reigning there; hence that the Pan-Slavonic agitation is spreading along the Lower Danube; hence that, to the disgust of every North German, the great German *enclave*, Bohemia, is openly appealing to Russian aid. The *Invalide Russe* of Tuesday openly, almost insultingly, declares that if France helps Austria to restore the slavery of Christians to Turkey the "armed peace will be converted into a serious war," a line of remark which editors liable to Siberia scarcely take without consent. All things point to an explosion in the East as imminent the moment Russia has converted a few thousand rifles into breech-loaders, and there are men high in the councils of Europe who believe that it cannot be averted beyond the spring, who hold that with M. Rouher's speech the last hope of peace disappeared. But for the explosion in the French Chamber, Austria, supported as in such a war she would be by the whole Hungarian people, might have barred a Russian advance, now she must think of her Western as well as her Eastern foes. We fling aside as unworthy discussion all gossip about treaties, all deductions from despatches meant to be published, all the German comments on Bismarck's visible reluctance even to ask Russia for milder customs' duties, and point only to the broad fact that if Russia has in any way secured the consent of Berlin, her chance of subduing Turkey was never so splendid or so patent. England is unarmed, France almost paralyzed by the union of Prussia and Italy, Austria honey-combed with Slavonic feeling, the whole Greek population in a fever of enthusiasm

for independence, Turkey miles nearer to bankruptcy than she was in 1854. Without English assistance we question if the Sultan could raise for such a war a million sterling, and though by suspending payments, by levying requisitions, and by raising the green standard, great armies might be collected, the operation in a country without railways, and with every second man a friend of the invader, requires much time. It is impossible by any fixity of gaze ever to see clearly what is occurring in that cesspool of Europe, Constantinople, but the few indications visible point to certain beliefs as dominant in St. Petersburg; that England will not fight for Turkey; that France cannot, lest Germany should come together with a clang; and that from Austria only a feeble defence is to be anticipated. Every one of those beliefs may be ill-founded. England may suddenly forbid, Napoleon may succeed in diverting the popular temper to the East, Italy, receiving Rome, may deem the Western alliance still her only policy; but if those beliefs are current at St. Petersburg, there will be war in spring, war in the only place where wars cannot be sudden, war on the old Imperial, ruinous scale.

There never has been anything in Europe like the "armed peace" of which the *Invalide* speaks, anything so utterly ruinous to civilized mankind. Europe was armed and restless and feverish in 1805, but only one country had then discovered how to change a nation into an army. Now the world has found out the fatal secret, and out of England and America every civilized man is compelled to learn his drill. The Army of France will shortly exceed the adult male population of Switzerland or Belgium, and the Armies of the four Military Powers collectively equal the adult male population of a State of twenty millions, more than that of Great Britain and Ireland in 1815. The sum expended on destruction would pay the interest of all the national debts throughout Europe, is equal, at five per cent., to the burden of a debt of sixteen hundred million sterling. Probably a clear tenth of the marriageable population of the Continent is forbidden to marry, while 300,000 of the most active and enterprising of her sons annually transfer their energies to the other side of the world. Europe, on which the future of the world depends, is eating herself up, consuming in the effort to be strong the best results of strength, actually paying in one form or another ten times the largest army the Cæsars ever maintained when the Mediterranean was a

lake surrounded by their provinces. It is inconceivable that such a situation can be maintained, impossible, so far as observers can see, that it should terminate before the explosion has come and passed. How can Germany disarm, or France, or Italy, or Austria? Ricasoli, pressed by fear of bankruptcy, did it; and Italy, at the first push, lies sprawling at the feet of M. Thiers. The States will not disarm, and till they disarm prosperity is necessarily postponed. It is not merely "commerce" in the ordinary sense of the word which is hampered by the situation, it is destroying the comfort of whole nations. Great towns in England are half-starving because Frenchmen dare not deal till the spring has come and gone. In France itself statesmen declare that want of work threatens the throne, and the law of the maximum is at work in Paris. In the north-eastern provinces of Prussia employment is at a stand-still, because the King cannot risk offending the Czar by imposing lighter duties. Everywhere except in Hungary every labourer except the soldier finds his weekly quantum of bread reduced one-third by the bad harvest while his wages are reduced nearly in proportion. There is a cry of distress throughout the West, and amidst it all the Governments are compelled, by inexorable necessity, to ask more money, to demand more men, to girth up the hungry States more and more tightly for the coming strain. It may not come, we may all be wrong; but if it does not come, it will be to no wisdom of statesmen, no forbearance of nations, no teaching of priesthods, that exemption will be due.

From The Saturday Review, Dec. 21.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

WHEN the Emperor of Austria came to Paris, shortly before the closing of the Exhibition, it struck the Parisians as a good joke to cheer him as the patron and apostle of liberty, to contrast their own sad state with the happy condition of his subjects, and to pursue him with cries of "Liberty such as they have in Austria." This is a kind of playfulness that has not much effect on their own ruler, but it expressed perhaps rather more of truth than they supposed. France really has something to do with "liberty

such as they have in Austria." That Austria should be daily stepping further into the paths of Constitutionalism, daily coming more under the influence of liberal and secular ideas, is a matter of considerable moment to France. Austria is, as the Emperor NAPOLEON honestly confesses, the only ally on whom France can now reckon. But Austria with a Constitution, with a political life of its own gaining strength every day, with Hungary having recognised claims on it, and able in a large degree to control its own policy, is not at all the ally which Austria might once have been to France. Why should constitutional Austria be in a hurry to form a French alliance? So far as general expressions go, there will, of course, be plenty of agreement and cordiality between the two sovereigns. They are both Catholic princes, they are both opposed more or less to Prussia, they neither of them can be expected to wish that Italy should be too prosperous and powerful, and they are both interested in the preservation of Turkey and the repression of Russia. But Austria will not rush into a war again unless either she is once more forced to fight for her existence, or unless she sees her way to a very clear advantage. To be thought the ally of France in all cases and at all hazards would be the greatest loss to her possible. It would set all Germany against her at once; and indeed all Germany is already against France and the allies of France, and it would derange her whole internal policy to be mixed up with France while France is in its present mood. A Catholic crusade, undertaken by believers and unbelievers alike as a means of splitting up contiguous States, may be an idea likely to find favour with Frenchmen in their actual state of irritation and ill-humour, but it would not at all suit Austria. If Constitutionalism is to flourish in Austria, it must be at the expense of the priests. Liberal ideas all over the world are really the same, and a nation cannot be at once strongly Catholic and politically free. Enthusiasts like M. DE MONTALEMBERT have often tried to persuade the world that this is possible, but experience is entirely against them. Or, if they will not bow to experience, there is an authority against them to which they are bound to defer. The POPE takes an opportunity about once every six months to curse and denounce and solemnly protest against those ideas on which alone Constitutionalism can be based. It is true that in constitutional countries, and even in Republics, the clerical party accepts what it cannot alter, and makes the best of its position. But it does

not like its position. It only keeps its claims for a while dormant. And, at the outset of Constitutionalism in any Catholic country, those who adhere to the new scheme of things have always to fight a battle with the priests, as the Austrians who wish for political liberty are fighting at this very time. They have but to keep the priests in the background, to exalt the secular arm, to make it quite clear to all concerned that a modelling of all human life, on ecclesiastical principles—which is the aim, and always must be the aim, of the clerical party—is not going to be tolerated in the country with which they have to do. To join France, therefore, on the common ground of their religion would be particularly unacceptable to Austrian statesmen just now, and manifestly unwise.

The stronger Germany grows, the more united in itself, and the more distinct in its views and aims, the greater will be the jealousy of France; but the greater also will be the dislike in Austria to meddle with Germany. Scarcely a month passes without something fresh being done to make Germany more united. The North is becoming more and more consolidated. Prussia is being merged in North Germany; and if Prussia is merged, still more will the little States be. In a very short time the component parts of the Federation will have disappeared for all but internal purposes. Diplomacy will know them no more. The representatives of Prussia at foreign Courts will no longer represent Prussia, but North Germany. This will at once mark the total difference between the new Federation and the old Bund, for the members of the old Bund, as well as the Bund itself, had a diplomatic existence. The old Bund was, in fact, nothing more than an elaborate contrivance for securing the existence and independence of the smaller States. Prussia wished them to exist, lest Austria should swallow them up. Austria wished them to exist, lest Prussia should swallow them up. France and Russia wished them to exist, because they afforded a ready field of operations for checking the ambitious designs both of Austria and of Prussia. But, as no one wishes them to exist who has any means whatever of getting what he wishes, the objects of the old Bund are gone, and nothing could better bring home to the notice of the world how completely they are gone than this project of merging the diplomatic representation of Prussia in that of North Germany. Nor is it only that the States of the Confederation are rapidly growing more consolidated, but

the Southern States are rapidly becoming attached more and more closely to the North. They have really thrown in their lot with Prussia. They are training their troops so as to be able to co-operate with Prussian soldiers. Their contingents will always be at the service of those who rule Germany from Berlin. Their existence grows more and more shadowy. They do exist, and will exist externally, perhaps, for some little time longer, but they have no longer any relations with foreign Powers that are of the slightest importance. They have promised that they will place themselves at the disposal of Prussia against all foreign Powers, and they have, it is said, gone so far as to say expressly that, among foreign Powers, they include Austria. The diplomatists of France, and even the Emperor of the FRENCH in person, have tried in vain to shake their resolution. They will stick to Prussia, and take their chance; and therefore, even if for the honour of the thing they like to keep up separate diplomatic representation, foreign Powers have really nothing to do with them. They are lost to Europe, and are absorbed in Prussia. All Germany lies between the allies, if France and Austria are to enter into the alliance. But who in Austria are to be the friends of France? They must be either the Austrian Germans or the Hungarians. As for the Czechs and Poles and Serbs, and the other outlandish creatures over whom FRANCIS JOSEPH has the happiness of reigning, they are of no political account in a great war. The Austrian Germans and the Hungarians alone are capable of framing and carrying out a policy. That either of them should be able to force the other into the enormous risk of a war with Germany is not very likely now that each section has the advantages of constitutional government to help it. But there is no clear reason why either should wish, on its own account, to run the risk. Hungary is not very likely to forget all its traditions, and its long connection with the revolutionary party in Europe. Why should it wish to crush Italy, for the pleasure and profit of priests and a military Empire? And the Austrian Germans will hesitate a long time before they come forward as the foes of united Germany, and as the abettors of the avowed enemies of the German race.

Count BISMARCK has lately been reproached in the Prussian Parliament for being too subservient to Russia. As it happened, he had a very good answer to the particular instances of subserviency charged against him. The frontier arrangements

with Russia press hardly on Prussian subjects, but then, as Count BISMARCK observed, they press still more hardly on the Russians. The few German proprietors of Livonia and Courland are being teased by the Russians, and are in some danger of having to become Orthodox and to speak Russian. They naturally do not like this. Russian is an awful language to have to learn, and those who see the Greek Church at home have not that longing to be in communion with it which some Protestants have who see it at a greater distance. But it is ridiculous to suppose that Prussia is to go to war to save them. She is not going to undertake a task very much beyond her strength for an object so infinitesimally small. The friendship of Russia is, indeed, the keystone of Prussian policy; and it is because Austria is kept in constant terror by Russia, while France thinks that Prussia allied to Russia is too dangerous for her to meddle with, that Count BISMARCK has got and is getting so much of his own way. Undoubtedly Prussia gives something in return. In the first place, she unites with Russia on all Polish questions. She insists on the Poles of Posen being absorbed in her, as Russia wipes out the separate existence of all the Poles in her vast Polish territory. They neither of them will have any thing in their territories at all like Galicia, which in a few years will be the only Poland left. In the next place, Prussia follows the lead of Russia altogether in the Eastern question, and in every thing to do with Turkey. Russia is indisputably getting up a movement in that explosive and dangerous quarter of the world, and Prussia helps her not only by taking the same view of political difficulties, and being unhappy about the state of things in Candia and Epirus and Servia according as Russia is concerned about them, but also by keeping Austria quiet. It is difficult to see how a great convulsion and possible dismemberment of Eastern Turkey could take place without Austria being affected; and this is really almost the only contingency which could make the much-talked-of alliance between France and Austria a reality. If France would put out her whole strength to protect both Turkey and Austria, it might be possible that the Austrians, after freely debating the matter in a Constitutional Chamber, should come to the conclusion that they would gain enough to compensate for the great risk of quarrelling with Germany. But even this is only a remote chance, and it is quite as likely that Russia and Prussia will find some means of tran-

quillizing the fears of Austria, or of completely overawing her, as that France will persuade her to encounter the fearful danger, not merely of defeat, but of disruption, which a struggle with united Germany must bring on her.

From The Saturday Review.

REFINEMENT.

THE tendency of moral and religious teaching is often to draw broad lines of distinction between good and bad people which do not, as has been truly remarked, seem to answer to anything in the real everyday world. There is a legend with which we are all familiar from our childhood, in which the hero is represented as having to decide once for all between the respective attractions of virtue and of pleasure. And such a choice is generally put before us by moralists and preachers as the one which most men and women are called upon once at least in their career to make. But, in fact, one soon becomes aware that this is not the precise shape in which, under ordinary circumstances, any moral alternative comes to us. There is no such clear belt of light and shadow which divides one man's life from another's. Wheat and tares, sheep and goats, wise and unwise virgins, faithful and unfaithful servants, prodigal and thrifty sons, are broad Biblical types of character which may serve to mark and illustrate the divergencies between the ultimate results of a religious and an irreligious principle. But if we lay aside theological ideas of perfection, and turn rather to practical dissimilarities between men and women as they exist in common life, such classifications cease to fulfil their purpose. They are too sweeping and peremptory. People, we find, are not usually either sheep or goats, but something half-way between the two. The choice which a modern Hercules has to make is generally not between virtue and vice, but between whole virtue and half virtue — between moral excellence as it appears to the unworldly idealist, and that moderate minimum of moral excellence which is compatible with success and advancement in the world. Few, except the most abandoned, boldly profess to regard success as the sole object to be attained irrespectively of all moral considerations whatever. The end, it is generally allowed, does not sanctify and justify every sort

of means. Most people would admit that the philosophy usually attributed to Machiavelli was indefensible and to be shunned, and would perhaps deliberately refuse to enter on a course of swindling, lying, and hypocrisy even if it led assuredly to distinction and power. But they would not in practice consent to adopt the opposite extreme, and to give up worldly advantages for the Quixotic pursuit of moral perfection. They would come to a sort of compromise with themselves upon the subject; and would think that on the whole they did their duty sufficiently if, in the race after success, they kept within the obvious limits of honesty and integrity, and abstained from all that was notoriously bad and base. A goat no one wants of course to be, but after all, they would say, one cannot afford in this subliminary state of existence to be too much of a sheep.

Part of the explanation of the apparent anomaly lies in the truth that when once a man's leading principle in life has become the cultivation of himself, and the satisfaction of the acquired moral taste which is a second nature to him, he no longer judges of things from the point of view of those who are content with setting before them the ordinary ethical standards of society and the world. Moral excellence, as the statesman or the social philosopher uses the term, is not what it is to the man who works away constantly at self-improvement. The virtue of modesty and self-abnegation may be taken as a case in point. If the interests of society alone are to be consulted, it is clear that modesty and self-devotion in individuals might easily be carried to an excess. True it is that, as long as human nature is human nature, errors in this direction are few and exceptional. Nevertheless, they may be imagined as existing, and indeed are occasionally, if rarely, found, and, when they are found, it cannot be denied that society suffers from them. Let us suppose, for instance, that a spirit of self-sacrifice or of modesty prevented a statesman of the highest powers from accepting office, a good lawyer from consenting to be made a Chancellor, or a model parson from taking a proffered bishopric. Some good would result from the example of disinterestedness which refusals of this sort would give to the general public. On the other hand, the State would lose the services of some of its best men, and their individual sensibilities would thus have been indulged at the expense of the commonwealth. It is not often that extreme instances of this description are to be seen.

In minor matters, however, it does very frequently happen that a man's cultivated instincts prevent him from occupying the position for which he is best adapted. If we take Aristotle's definitions of some of the more social virtues, we shall perceive how little a politician may appreciate the temperament which a Quixotic self-cultivator would most admire. Aristotle's consummate character does not think too highly of himself. But it is equally his duty not to think of himself too meanly. He will not assert himself too much, but he will be just as careful not to assert himself too little. The golden mean, according to the great Greek political philosopher, consists in thoroughly knowing what one is really worth, and in bearing oneself accordingly. Modern morality of the finest kind would scarcely express itself in similar language. A modern model character cares little about thinking too meanly of himself, or about withdrawing himself unnecessarily into the shade, provided that he could be certain never to assume a virtue which he does not possess, or to attract an attention of which in his heart he feels himself only half deserving. And, in their journey through the world, refined people accordingly perceive that they are pretty sure to be eclipsed. They go generally to the wall, and know that it is their destiny to do so. Society is less learned, less acute, less sensible than its most cultivated members. It accepts a fool, if he swears long enough and loudly enough that he is a genius. Accustomed to hear the common mass of people proclaiming their own powers or good qualities in a stentorian voice, if a man says nothing about himself, his neighbours end by thinking very little of him. Refinement, however, does not lower its own internal standard to accommodate the rough ways and ideas of the world. Trumpets are being loudly blown on all sides of it, it has to listen every hour to loud professions and to exaggerated estimates; but it cannot bring itself to blow a trumpet in its turn, merely because trumpet-blowing is the order of the day. The cock that never crows at all must always inevitably be overcrowded. And to be overcrowded is the certain fate, in this life, of the best birds of the lot. In the Church, in the Law, in commerce, and even in science, heaven helps him who does not scruple to help himself; and leaves to his fate the scrupulous idealist who is content to belong to the number of those martyrs of refinement—the illustrious obscure.

Side by side of the neither wholly scru-

pulous nor wholly unscrupulous people one sees occasionally others, of a different calibre and nature altogether, who are their superiors probably in intellect, in power, in refinement, and in learning, but who are destined to cut far less of a prominent figure in the world. The distinction that separates the latter from their more rough and ready, and therefore more successful, fellow-creatures seems to be one of temperament and disposition. And public opinion recognizes the fact when it pronounces, as it sometimes does, in the case of this or that man, that he is too nice and fastidious to get on, or to make his way. It is assumed by the world at large that there is a species of moral finish and mental polish which unfits its possessor for the task of jostling with a crowd, or for seizing the many obvious opportunities with which the path of fortune is strewn. The man of the world considers such refinement as a sort of disease, the result perhaps of over-pedantry, or a too highly-strung organization. He does not actually despise it, but he looks on it as a sort of greenhouse exotic, too frail and feeble for the bracing atmosphere of ordinary business. That he is right in believing it to be a drawback for most secular pursuits is undeniable. There is scarcely a profession, except indeed such as are artistic, in which keen sensibility is not disadvantageous. A man does not become a judge, or a bishop, or a millionaire by consistently humouring, at all costs, his finer instincts; the gunpowder which produces great effects in every position of life is of a coarse kind, and many a successful ambition has been gratified simply because on critical occasions the man, to use a popular phrase, has put his sensitiveness or his scruples into his pocket. When the fastidious and select cast their eyes about them, and count up the number of times they have been passed in the race by their inferiors, they are very apt to complain bitterly of the state of society in which such things are possible. Genius, reserve, cultivation, seem to be everywhere unduly weighted. That what is light and worthless should occasionally be seen floating on the surface they regard as part of the Providential arrangement of nature, but they feel it hard that sterling moral qualities should actually be a kind of lead round a man's feet, weighing him down, and keeping his head under the level of the stream. That inferiority should now and then be first is a tolerable evil; that it should occupy a vantage ground,

and have a start over what is better than itself, they cannot understand.

Refinement, while complaining bitterly of the folly and injustice of mankind, constantly consoles itself with the reflection that, if it is not successful, it is at any rate virtuous and noble. At the end of a silent life of honourable obscurity, the man who has been left behind comforts his soul by recurring continually to the fact that, after all, he has not "derogated" like the rest. He too might have been as famous, but that he would not consent to be as unscrupulous or as vulgar-spirited, as they. Like the Pharisee in the parable, he thanks God that he is not as other men, not as this Prime Minister, not as that Bishop, not as that Chief Justice. He has gained no title, but he has lost no friend. He has not hung about great men, or winked at wicked men, or fondled attorneys, or voted against his conscience, or flattered a constituency, or joined in the hue and cry against a Broad Church Professor or a High Church Bishop. If he has been left in the shade, it is because he never would crawl into the sunshine. This is the sort of extreme unction which refinement at the close of its course administers to itself, and there is a sort of balm and pleasantness in such thoughts. In some measure they are justifiable and proper. Refinement is nobler and more virtuous than vulgarity, self-abnegation than self-assertion, humility — even if overstrained — than "Brummagem" merit and success. But it would be an inadequate conception of what refinement or cultivation comes to if we were to consider it as simply identical with superior virtue. It is rather of the nature of a luxury than a virtue — a luxury which connotes a high condition of intellect and character, but still a luxury. The man who possesses virtue in spite of all difficulties and trials has a right to look for a reward. If he is religious, he trusts to be compensated hereafter for his self-imposed privations. If he has no hopes or aspirations beyond the limits of this world, he looks for the approbation of his friends, his fellow-men, or of posterity, as the case may be; or perhaps finds in the consciousness of his having served others his real recompense. Refinement can hardly place itself on this elevated level. In abstaining from the tricks and meannesses around him, the refined man has, in truth, been indulging a finished and luxurious taste. He has not eaten his cake in the ordinary way, but he has eaten it in another. His enjoyment has consisted in abstaining from vulgar tempta-

tions, and in living his own higher life. He has not sold himself to the world, but has remained his own master, and feasted on the delicious fruits of independence and cultivated isolation. If he ever feels inclined to cavil at this matter-of-fact way of putting his position, he has only to consider that his refinement has not cost him any of those struggles and battles against self which a formed habit of virtue presupposes. He has in reality been what he is, because he could not have made up his mind to be otherwise. To have gone bowing and smirking through the world would have cost him a price that he never could have resolved to pay. He had instincts leading him in the opposite direction which his acquaintances had not, points of view of which they were ignorant, fancies and susceptibilities to gratify over which he never could have ridden roughshod. It is not that he has not played his game; it is only that he has played a higher game, and chosen the better, and possibly the happier, part. His finished, polished, delicate life has been its own reward. If the truth must be told, it is very doubtful whether he could have succeeded on a different tack, even if he had been willing to try. Refinement is not a sort of moral choice, but rather a constitutional necessity. If he had competed against the world with its own weapons he would have been beaten with them. Half-hypocrisies are of very little use; and, unless he had been a totally different nature, he could not have been thoroughly a match for rougher combatants. At a critical moment some little grain of conscience would have made him sour. The world, which accepts the rough-and-ready play of uncultivated people, always eyes with suspicion the overtures of a man who is only pretending to be one of the crowd. It resents his condescensions, it detects the hollow ring in his joviality, and it knows that the base intellectual composite which he offers it is not the good current vulgar coin of the realm. *Æsop* tells the story of a donkey which tried to imitate the gambolling of a thoroughbred and favourite dog, and got soundly cudgelled for its pains. The fable might be inverted without losing any of its truth. The lion that pretends to be an ass is usually as unsuccessful a hypocrite as the ass that pretends to be a lion. Refinement has, then, no real reason to call itself virtuous because it has been refined. It has followed the one line that it could follow with any hope of genuine success. It would have been as idle to attempt to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse as to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Cul-

tivation, therefore, and sensibility are things to be enjoyed, not things to be praised or to be rewarded. When once we thoroughly appreciate this truth the inequalities of life seem far less odious. On the whole, it is probable that the pleasure and happiness of mankind is more fairly distributed than seems at first to be the case. Each nature has its own capacities for enjoying, and what it loses in one direction it gains in another. Refinement and worldly success do not go together, because each is a distinct end in itself. Those who prefer the more generous and exquisite vintage can have it if they please, but they have no business to complain of being deprived of the rougher beverages with which inferior characters are contented. The philosopher who has a perpetual flower-garden in his own intellect and tastes can really afford to give up hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt and the vine-gardens of the Naboth who lives next door.

From The Examiner, Dec. 14.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GUNS.

SIR, — Although your old Correspondent has not lately troubled you on the subject of armament, he has not been wholly unobservant of passing events.

It is fully ten years since I gave vent in your columns to the amazement I felt, at the strange capers cut by our military and maritime departments of administration, in preparation for the defence of our country. One of the toughest tasks I ever had was to convince your readers that Armstrong was not Mahomet, nor Peel his prophet. After expending many breech-plugs; and a mild escape of gas having destroyed the whiskers and beards of any number of artillerymen, an expedition to Japan satisfactorily proved that Armstrong's great guns, loading at the breech, were worse than useless. After expending unheard-of sums in tinkering at this miserable artillery, all the while priding ourselves, and pampering up John Bull, with the silly notion that he possessed the best gun in the world, we let Armstrong's great breech-loading guns go by the run, and we now hear no more of them on board ships of the Royal Navy.

At the present time of day Pakington and Corry are shaking hands, and persuading each other that the 12-ton gun, with Falliser's

chilled shot, is the *ne plus ultra* of skill and human invention for ships and batteries. After heaven knows how many years, having been begged by engineers and by correspondents to leading journals to permit our wonderful inventions to be tried with the inventions of Brother Jonathan, they do at last import a Rodman gun of 15-inch calibre from the United States, and this gun, with a smooth bore and a cast-iron round shot, smashes their targets equally with our *ne plus ultra* gun of 12-tons weight and 9-inch bore with its chilled shot. Report says that there is a dispute now pending between Corry and Pakington as to which makes the greatest hole in a ship's side, a shot from a gun of 9-inch calibre or a shot from a gun of 15-inch calibre, supposing both guns to have the same penetrative power. Corry is said to desire a Commission of Naval Officers to inquire into this knotty point, while Pakington inclines to a Committee of the House of Commons, with himself, Darby Griffith, or Whalley in the chair. In the meantime Elcho writes a letter to remind these official magnates, that the Americans have not only these guns of 15-inch calibre, but 20-inch calibre, and are now experimenting on guns of 30-inch calibre. What have you here, Sir? The old tale revived, — our wisacres sending out 18-pounder frigates to fight with 24-pounder American frigates; the English frigates with 280 unwilling men and the sweepings of our gaols as their complements, the Americans with a choice crew of 450 men mostly English sailors. If in those days the ability of a Croker was required to coax John Bull to swallow the bitter pill of defeat under such atrocious circumstances, I don't think that Corry, Pakington, and Henry Lennox to boot, in the present day could make head against the tide of public indignation which would attend a defeat earned by equal ignorance and neglect. I am, &c.,

CAVETO.

A CARD TO CONSPIRATORS.

MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to his American Irish enemies, and desires to know whether they see any green in his eye? The reason which occasions MR. BULL to ask them this question is their vehement declaration that nothing he can do for the conciliation of Ireland will be of any avail, that Irishmen all hate and abhor him utterly, and that no good that he may render them, how great soever, will ever prevail upon them to acquiesce in being his fellow-subjects.

Suppose MR. BULL were to believe all this, what would he do? Immediately rescind Roman Catholic Emancipation, re-enact the penal laws, and re-establish Protestant ascendancy. He would forthwith proceed to undo all the good that he has done — and MR. BULL takes note of the admission that he has done good of late in Ireland. His endeavour would be to rule Ireland with a rod of iron. In short, MR. BULL would adopt a course which would drive the Irish people at large, and not merely a disaffected minority, into rebellion, and not only that, but would justify their rebellion in the eyes of the whole world.

MR. JOHN BULL has no doubt that, if he took this course, he would do just what his Fenian adversaries want him to. Instead of that, he intends to persevere in doing the very best for Ireland that he possibly can. He is not the fool that his American Irish ill-wishers take him for.

— Punch.



On Dec. 17 there was a terrible explosion of nitro-glycerine near Newcastle. This most explosive of all blasting substances had been for some months, it seems, kept in the cellars of a public-house at Newcastle, without any of the legal precautions. There were at first thirty canisters, which were slowly sold off, and at last, when the alarm was taken and the precautions adopted which led to the explosion, nine were left. When the Mayor and other authorities heard of the existence of this dangerous substance in such quantities in the cellar of the White Swan, close behind the Branch Bank of England, they ordered it to be removed and destroyed, and this was done under the superintendence of the sheriff, Mr. Mawson, himself a chemist, and the town surveyor, Mr. Bryson. Mr. Mawson intended to have it spread in the marshy soil of the moor, and it was taken out there in a spring van with that view. After emptying the canisters, however, some of the crystals adhered to the bottom, and some of the party went to bury the canisters in the moor at a little distance. This they seem to have done, and then to have beaten the earth down upon the tomb of the canisters with their spades. The shock exploded the crystals with a tremendous report, killed five of the men, and so seriously injured the sheriff and town surveyor, Mr. Mawson and Mr. Bryson, that both of them have died since, and died in great pain. The explosive force of the crystals left at the bottom of the canisters must have been terrific. It blew some of those who were close to the spot almost to pieces, the driver of the cab, a hundred yards or more off, was blown off his box on to the horse, and it broke the windows of the cab. The ground appears as if a mine had been sprung in the neighbourhood. — Spectator.

THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
 A famine after laid them low,
 Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
 For on them brake the sudden foe ;
 So thick they died the people cried
 " The gods are moved against the land."
 The priest in horror about his altar
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
 " Help us from famine
 And plague and strife !
 What would you have of us ?
 Human life ?
 Were it our nearest,
 Were it our dearest,
 (Answer, O answer,)
 Take you his dearest,
 We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
 And cattle died, and deer in wood,
 And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
 And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;
 And dead men lay all over the way,
 Or down in a furrow scathed with flame :
 And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
 Till at last it seemed that an answer came :
 " The King is happy
 In child and wife ;
 Take you his nearest,
 Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill,
 The King was hunting in the wild ;
 They found the mother sitting still ;
 She cast her arms about the child.
 The child was only eight summers old,
 His beauty still with his years increased,
 His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
 He seemed a victim due to the Priest.
 The Priest exulted,
 And cried with joy,
 " Here is his nearest,
 Here is his dearest,
 We take the boy."

IV.

The King returned from out the wild,
 He bore but little game in hand ;
 The mother said, " They have taken the child
 To spill his blood and heal the land :
 The land is sick, the people diseased,
 And blight and famine on all the lea :
 The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
 So I pray you tell the truth to me.
 They have taken our son,
 They will have his life,
 Is *he* your nearest ?
 Is *he* your dearest ?
 (Answer, O answer)
 Or I, the wife ?"

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
 He stay'd his arms upon his knee ;
 " O wife, what use to answer now ?
 For now the Priest has judged for me."
 The King was shaken with holy fear ;
 " The Gods," he said, " would have chosen
 well ;
 Yet both are near, and both are dear,
 And which the dearest I cannot tell !"
 But the Priest was happy,
 His victim won.
 " We have his nearest,
 We have his dearest,
 His only son !"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
 The knife uprising toward the blow,
 To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
 " Me, me, not him, my darling, no !"
 He caught her away with a sudden cry :
 Suddenly from him brake the wife,
 And shrieking " I am his dearest, I —
 I am his dearest ! " rush'd on the knife.
 And the Priest was happy,
 " O, Father Odin,
 We give you a life,
 Which was his nearest ?
 Which was his dearest ?
 The Gods have answered :
 We give them the wife ! "
 — Good Words.